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Selections.

From the New York Tribune.

MR. CORWIN'S SPEECH
AGAINST THE COMPROMISE BILL.

Delivered in the United States Senate, Monday, July 24, 1848.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I should scarcely undertake to assign to the Senate a reason for prolonging this debate especially after the very elaborate and lucid exposition of the bill now before us which has been given by the Senator from Vermont; I feel compelled, however, from various considerations, with which I will not trouble the Senate, to state in a very few words, if that be possible, what my objections are to the passage of the bill; and, it may be, to offer some few observations in reply to such propositions as have been announced at various times during this debate by Senators on the other side of the Chamber. I have listened with great eagerness, since the commencement of this discussion, to everything that has been said with the most sincere and unfeigned desire to make myself acquainted with at least the primary elements and principles which enter into the composition of the bill. And I think I may say, without exposing myself to the charge of egotism, that I feel as little the influences which have been spoken of by the Senator from Vermont as it is desirable that any gentleman acting in the capacity of a legislator, should feel. I do not participate, however I may advertise gentlemen in the belief which has been so constantly expressed during this discussion, that this is a subject which is likely to produce that terrible and momentous excitement that is spoken of. I believe if this principle were discussed solemnly and so to speak, abstractedly from those extraneous circumstances too frequently adverted to here, that we should be much more likely to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion to ourselves, and at more satisfactory results, I hope, to those who are to come after us. I have no belief that the passage of a law, such as is now before the Senate, will produce a disruption of the bonds that hold this Union together. I have no belief that the passage of the law so much deprecated by some gentlemen on this side by the name, if you please, of the "Wilmot Proviso," could by any possibility whatever, induce the Southern portion of the Union which we are told is so much excited on the subject, to tear themselves asunder from the constitutional compact by which we are all held together. Sir, if I entertained an opinion of this kind I should scarcely think a seat on this floor worth possessing for a single day. I do not think that the technical term spoken of by the Senator from Vermont, the "Wilmot Proviso" can of itself exercise that influence upon Statesmen of exalted intellect of the South who have been imitated by gentlemen who have participated in this debate. What is this terrible Wilmot Proviso that has been erected here and elsewhere into such a raw head and bloody-bones, to use a very expressive phrase of the nursery? What is it? Why, sir, there are about me Senators who know very well to whom the paternity of the "Wilmot Proviso," as it has been recently baptized belonged. They know that the same gentlemen who drafted the Declaration of Independence which is hung up in our halls, and placed in our libraries, and regarded with the same reverence as our bible—for it has become a gospel of freedom all over the world as well as in this country—drafted also that which is called the "Wilmot Proviso," composing as it did a section of the ordinance of 1787, and that the hand that drafted both was Jefferson's. There have been some strange misnomers in regard to acts, some strange confusion of nomenclature in this country, as in this case when a part of the Ordinance of 1787 has come to bear the appellation of the "Wilmot Proviso."—Sir, as much as I respect that gentleman for his position upon this subject which has connected his very name with the Ordinance of 1787, I deny to him the honour of originating it. It is a piracy of the copy-right. I do not see that there is any danger that Southern gentlemen after the lapse of so many years, and after the founding of a young Empire in the West, by virtue of that Ordinance, will so desecrate the memory of Jefferson and spit upon his grave, because we merely reenact that Ordinance over a territory which has subsequently come into our possession. I have no idea that such consequences will follow from the passage of such a law, as gentlemen have meditated. There must have been a strange revolution wrought in the minds of Southern gentlemen between 1787 and 1847 if such consequences are to follow. And I could not help observing while the Senator from Vermont was expressing those noble sentiments which everybody, even those who do not feel them must admire, telling us we should act here independently of the excitement without these walls, and that we should scorn those newspaper paragraphs in which we are vilified, written by those who know little of the motives by which we are influenced and who care less; I could not help observing that at last the Senator admonished us that there was an excitement abroad which we must allay, and to do that he agreed to this bill, although it was somewhat different from that which he desired, so that the lion-hearted Senator from Vermont has agreed to this Compromise, as it is called, because there is an excitement which he wishes to allay by it. Sir, I desire to see gentlemen act and vote here as if there were no excitement on the subject. I should be very sorry at least to allow any influences to operate upon my deliberative judgment, except those which belong to the relation of representative and constituent. It is the farthest from my intention of anything that can be conceived of to say anything in regard to this bill which may wound the feelings of gentlemen who have laboured so hard to produce something that would satisfy us all. The Senator from Vermont has acted as he should have acted, has acted nobly in relation to this matter, and I know very well that he will be willing to accord to me the same rule of action, the same independence that he has used; and I fear when I come to speak of the bill I shall be under the necessity of availing myself of what the gentleman has called a "special demurrer;" for I do not think there is such pressing necessity for the passage of the bill as to oblige us to forego the statement of such objections as we may entertain. Suppose you enact no law, what will happen? Oregon has for many years taken care of herself, and I believe on one or two occasions made better laws for herself than she is likely to get at our hands. She has taken care of herself ever since she became an integral portion of the Union, by the settlement of the dispute between us and Great Britain. How the new provinces may fare, what may happen to New Mexico and California in the intermediate time which will elapse, if we should not be able to act upon this matter at the present session, it not a matter of much concern or apprehension with me, because I know they have been in your custody for a year or two and have not complained at all for the want of legal enactment, they have only complained that you have made two free use of gun-powder. Rather than not act in the matter fully and definitely, as I would if there were no emergency, I would allow those provinces to take care of themselves for another twelve months, and come here at the beginning of a new session, ready to act upon the subject as my judgment should dictate.

Now, Sir, in the first place, I understand we have a Message from the President, although I believe it has not been adverted to by any one, calling upon us to designate the boundaries of these Territories of New Mexico and California; and another branch of the Legislature has been anxiously looking to the geography of countries, and tracing their history, and these are as yet incapable of determining where Texas ends and New Mexico begins; and they have been under the necessity of applying to the Chief Magistrate to give them a lesson in geography. What the substance of the information they received was, I do not know, but I have been informed, upon the floor of the Senate, that Texas extends to the banks of the Rio Grande.

If this be so, I must be permitted to look to the gentlemen of the Committee for information as to how much is left for New Mexico, what extent of territory and what amount of population? Is it worth while to estabiish a Territorial Government there, if it be true that Texas extends to the Rio Grande? I think it will be found that there will be but a fragment of New Mexico left, so far as population is concerned. It will be very convenient perhaps to attach it to the Government of California. If you send your Governors and other officers there without establishing the boundaries, there will be conflict of territorial jurisdiction. Is it not expedient to settle it now, when you are founding new Governments there, and placing side by side institutions which may be very dissimilar? It is perfectly certain that Texas will extend her laws to the Rio Grande, and if she does, she will comprehend within her jurisdiction a large proportion of the population of what was formerly New Mexico. Here then is my special demurrer. Under other circumstances I am sure the Senator from Vermont would agree with me that it is indispensible to the Governments which we are about to establish that the limits of their jurisdiction should be defined, although I do not know that this would be an insuperable objection with me if the other portions of the bill were such as I could give my assent to.

And now I intend, in few words, to state why I object to this Compromise bill. Sir, there is no one—there can be no one—who does not desire that every subject of legislation which come before the Senate should be settled harmoniously, and, if it might be so, with the unanimous concurrence of every Senator. But, Sir, in my judgment, with this subject as it stands before us, it would be arrogant presumption to undertake to vote upon this bill, with a question before us which we undertake to transfer to the Judiciary Department of the country. How is this? Is it not a new thing in your legislation, when a system of policy is proposed, and the constitutional propriety of that policy is questioned, to pass an act for the purpose of getting a case before the Supreme Court, that that Court may instruct the Senate of the United States as to constitutional duty in the matter? Sir, if we know certainly what that law will be, need there be any hesitancy how we shall vote upon this bill? Can any one suppose that the Senator from Georgia, or the Senator from South Carolina, if they believed that the litigation that is proposed by this bill to be brought into the judicial tribunals of the country would result contrary to their determination of what the law should be, that they would be in favuor of such a bill as this? Does any one believe that if the Senator from Vermont could anticipate that the Supreme Court of the United States might decide that Congress, being silent upon the subject, had allowed Slavery to pass, at its pleasure, into these newly acquired Territories, and to become parts of the municipal institutions of those Territories, and to decide, also, that if Congress had enacted a prohibitory law, it could not have gone there, he would vote for this bill. Certainly he would not. Is there any necessity that there should be a prohibitory law passed in order that the question of Slavery shall be presented with the aid of Congressional legislation to be Supreme Court of the United States? I will not undertake to say that I differ with the Senator from Vermont in a single legal proposition that he has laid down. I regard Slavery as a local institution. I believe it rests on that basis as the only one that can give it a moment's security. I believe it cannot be carried, by the power of the master over his servant, one inch beyond the territoral limits of the power that makes the law. I believe that a slave carried by his master into the territory about which we are talking, if Slavery be abolished there, will be free from the moment he enters the Territory, and any attempt to exercise power over him as a slave will be nugatory. That is my judgment. But I would guard against any doubt on this subject. I would so act that there should be nothing left undone on my part to prevent the admission of slaves; for I am free to declare that if you were to acquire the country that lies under the line, the hottest country to be found on the globe, where the white man is supposed not to be able to work, I would not allow you to take slaves there, if Slavery did not exist there already. More than that, I would abolish it if I could, if it did exist. These are my opinions, and they always have been the same. I know they were the opinions of Washington up to the hour of his death, and they were the opinions of Jefferson and of others who, in the infancy of the institution, saw and deplored its evils, and deprecated its continuance, and would have taxed themselves to the utmost to exterminate it then. I possess no opinion on the subject that I have not derived from these sources.

I have only to say that those opinions have always received the concurrence of my own understanding upon the best investigation that I have been able to give to the subject. I find the institution existing in several States of the Union, under the guaranties of the Constitution, and I find that as a legislator, I am forbidden to act upon the suoject by the Constitution, which I am sworn to support and be thus forbidden. I would not interpose as I would upon every spot on the face of the earth where by law I am not forbidden. Sir, what has been your practice on the subject, if at any time in the progress of the affairs of this Government you have acquired Territory where Slavery existed, what did you do with it? With the forecast of a statesman you took upon yourselves the difficulties of managing it.

When Louisiana was acquired such was the tone of public sentiment—and I take upon myself to say that if it had been in the power of Congress to abolish it then they would have done so—if they had not foreseen the state of things that would have been consequent upon such an act, they would have abolished Slavery in Louisiana. What did they do in regard to the North-west Territory in 1767? These were the men who gave directions to public opinion. Would to God they had something to do with public opinion now!

They abolished Slavery in the North-west Territory, it is true it did not exist there to any great extent, except in a few French settlements, comprehending Illinois and part of what is now the State of Indiana. And why did they do it. Why did the men who then exercised the power of the whole confederacy—the men who were the leading spirits who formed the Constitution of the United States—why did they, in 1787, abolish Slavery in that Territory? Did their opinions suddenly change: so as to entertain such an abhorrence of Slavery that they abolished it wherever they could, though sovereignty piled upon sovereignty endeavoured to invade that land consecrated to free institutions by that law? Thus was the patrimony of Virginia transferred to the United States, and thus did they who offered that patrimony and nobly gave it to the whole Union, forbid that Slavery should ever pollute its soil. And, Sir, is there any name on the historic page of Virginia more illustrious than that of Jefferson.

Why there is scarcely a Virginian who dares to have an opinion contrary to the lightest thought that he ever expressed. And is it so, that we are now to be required for the sake of some imaginary balance of power to carry Slavery into a country where it does not now exist? That, Sir, is the question propounded by this bill. The Senator from Vermont is satisfied that Slavery cannot be extended to these Territories. I believe if his confidence in the judicial tribunals of the country were well founded that Slavery could not possibly go into these Territories, provided the Senate is righ both as to law and the facts. I ask every member of the Senate—perhaps I may be less informed than any—whether Slavery does not exist by some Mexican law, at this hour, in California?

Mr. *Hannegan* [in his seat]. It does exist: Peon Slavery exists there.

Mr. *Corwin*—I would thank the Senator from Indiana if he will inform me what Peon Slavery is; and really I ask the question for the purpose of obtaining information. I desire to know its conditions. Is it transmissable by inheritance? Does the marvellous doctrine of which the Hon. Senator spoke as being part and parcel of the law adopted in Virginia—*partes sequiter ventrem*—prevail? Is that holy ordinance, that the the offspring of the womb of her who is a slave must necessarily be slaves also there recognized.

Mr. *Hannegan*—As I understand, Slavery exists in California and New Mexico, as it does throughout the Republic of Mexico, and is termed Peam Slavery—Slavery for debt, by which the creditor has a right to hold the debtor through all time in a far more absolute bondage than that by which any Southern planter holds his slaves here.

Mr. *Corwin*—So it has been described to me. I have not seen the Mexican laws upon the subject, but the statement just made agrees with that of many gentlemen who profess to know something on the subject that these people are the subjects of that infernal law. The Senator from Delaware, the other day, informed us that the Committee have not given to the people of California and New Mexico the right of suffrage, because they were incapable of exercising it—because a large proportion of them were of the coloured races. Now, supposing that to be the case, and supposing the proposition to be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States—Was Slavery an institution of New Mexico?—what would be the answer? If the Senator from Indiana there were to make response, he would reply in the affirmative; he would say that the institution of Slavery was there—that to be sure it had its modifications and peculiarities, but that it was still Slavery, though there might not have existed a law as strong as that glorious principle of free government spoken of by the Senator from Virginia—*partes sequitur ventrem*. If, Sir, these three Latin words can condemn to everlasting Slavery the posterity of a woman who is a slave, may not that municipal regulation of which we are now speaking in California and New Mexico, with equal propriety be denominated Slavery? I find, then, Slavery as it is called, existing here to a degree; and to all practical purposes as lasting and inexorable as in the State of Virginia; and therefore the whole of the hypothesis of the gentleman from Vermont falls to the ground as a matter of fact, inasmuch as the Supreme Court will decide that Slavery existed there, and that therefore the whole slave population of the United States may be transferred to that country.

Mr. *Phelps*—The gentleman will excuse me, I spoke of African Slavery.

Mr. *Corwin*.—Of that I am aware. I speak now of the general proposition. Now, this is a very curious spectacle presented this day and for weeks past in the American Congress, and one cannot help pausing at this point, and reflecting upon the events of the last few years. On looking back at what has happened in that period, I am sure that the magnanimous spirit of the Senator from South Carolina himself will be obliged to concede to the Northern States at least some apology for the slight degree of excitement on this subject. His hypothesis is, that into every portion of this newly acquired territory—California not excepted—every slaveholder in the United States has a right to migrate to-morrow, and carry with him his slaves—holding them there forever, subject only to the Abolition of Slavery when these Territories shall be made into States and come into the Union. What, then, would be those few chapters in our history? We find ourselves now in the possession of Territories with a population of one hundred and fifty thousand souls, if I am correctly informed, in California and New Mexico. The best authenticated history of the social institutions of that population, informs us that there exists there at this moment a species of Slavery as absolute and inexorable as exists anywhere on the face of the earth; and that about five in six of the population of that country are subject to the iron rule of this abominable institution there.

Now I do not expect that any man will rise up and say that because an individual happens to be the debtor of another, he shall have his own person sold into Slavery; and not only that, but that the curse shall extend—worse than that of the Hebrew, not to the third and fourth generation, but to the remotest posterity of that unfortunate man. Nobody will pretend to rise up in defence of such a proposition as that. Now then, I will give over the criticism. Suppose there is a law in New Mexico, which obliges a man to work all the days of his life for another because he happens to owe him five dollars by some means contrived by the creditor to keep him always his debtor. Do you intend that that law shall exist there for an hour? Well, you have made here that your law-makers who are to go to New Mexico and California, shall not touch the subject of Slavery; and if that which is designated in the popular language of that country Slavery, exists there, do you, indeed, send abroad, as you promised to do, your missionary of liberty? You went there with the sword, and made it red in the blood of these people! What did you tell them? "We come to give you freedom!" Instead of that, you enact in your code here—bloody as that of Pharaoh—that there shall be judges and lawgivers over them, but that they shall make no law touching that Slavery to which five out of six of them are subjected.

I think these things are worthy of consideration. I have looked at them with some concern, because I was one of those who predicted from the beginning that this would be the result of your acquisition. I have always thought, since that hour when you went abroad with your hypocritical pretence that you had gone forth in the spirit of love, to give liberty to the captives and to set the peons free, that when you had got your iron hoof upon these people your cuckoo note would be changed—that this dove-like accent would become the roar of the lion—and that, instead of extending the blessings of peace and the oil of consolation to the oppressed of Mexico, you would put the iron heel of Negro Slavery as well as that of Peon Slavery upon them. All this I have expected. I was about to say that this was a spectacle worthy of any-body's curiosity about the noon of the Nineteenth Century. We turned around and said to the world that we designed to take nothing by conquest, and for two years, while you progress through Mexico and all that land is crimsoned with blood—while you make your way manifest as that of the Israelites in their march, by the cloud of smoke in the daytime and the fire that you made in the night—you ceased not to proclaim that you would take nothing by conquest; that you meant not to conquer and subdue a feeble people. Now, what do you hear? You say this land was conquered by the common blood of the country; you trace back the consideration which you have paid for this country to the blood and the bones of the gallant men that you sent there to be sacrificed; and pointing to the unburied corses of her sons who have fallen there, the South exclaims: "These—these constitute my title to carry my slaves to that land! It was purchased by the blood of my sons." The aged parent, bereft of his children, and the widow with the family that remains, desire to go there to better their fortunes, if it may be, and pointing to the graves of husband and children, exclaim: "There—there was the price paid for our proportion of this territory!" Is that true? If that could be made out—if you dare put that upon your record—if you can assert that you hold the country, by the strong hand, then you have a right to go there with your slaves. If we of the North have united with you of the South in this expedition of piracy, and robbery, and murder, the oldest law known among men—"honour among thieves"—requires us to divide it with you equally. [Laughter and subdued applause.] Nay, more: it is only a fitting *finale* to that infernal tragedy, that after having slaughtered fifty thousand human beings, in order to extend your authority over these one hundred and fifty thousand, the murder should be followed by the Slavery of every one that can be made subject to the law of power!

Sir, if it be true that you hold this territory by conquest, you hold it precisely by the same right that the Virginian holds his slave to-day, and by no other. You have stolen the man, and with the strong hand torn him from his own home—part of his family you have killed and the rest you have bound in chains and brought to Virginia! Then, in accordance with the brand which it seems the Almighty has impressed upon poor woman—*partes sequitur ventrem*—you condemn to Slavery, to the remotest posterity, the offspring of your captive! It is the same right originally in both cases. This right of conquest is the same as that by which a man may hold another in bondage. You may make it into a law if you please: you may enact that it may be so: it may be convenient to do so, after perpetrating the original sin it may be better to do so. But the case is not altered; the source of the right remains unchanged. What is the meaning of the old Roman word *Servus*? I profess no great skill in philological learning, but I can very well conceive how somebody, looking into this thing, might understand what was the law in those days. The man's life was saved when his enemy conquered him in battle. He became *servus*—the man preserved by his magnanimous foe, and perpetual Slavery was then thought to be a boon preferable to death. That was the way in which Slavery began. Has anybody found out on the face of the earth a man fool enough to give himself up to another, and beg him to make him his slave? I do not know of one such instance under Heaven. Yet it may be so. Still I think that not one man of my complexion of the Caucasian race could be found quite willing to do that! [General laughter.]

This right, which you are now asserting to this country, exists on no other foundation than the law of force, and that was the original law by which one man appropriated the services and will of another to himself. Thus far we are brought after having fought for this country and conquered it. The solemn appeal is made to us—"Have we not mingled our blood with yours in acquiring this country?" Sure, my brother! But did we mingle our blood with yours for the purpose of wresting this country by force from this people? That is the question. You did not say so six months ago. You dare not say so now! You may say that it was purchased, as Louisiana or as Florida was, with the common treasure of the country; and then we come to the discussion of another proposition: What right do you thus acquire to establish Slavery there? But I was about to ask of some gentleman—the Senator from S. C. for instance—whose eye at a glance has comprehended almost the history of the world, what he supposes will be the history of this, our Mexican War, and these, our Mexican acquisitions, if we should give to it the direction which he desires? I do not speak of the propriety of Slave Labour being carried anywhere. I will waive that question entirely. What is it of which the Senator from Vermont has told us this morning, and of which we have heard so much during the last three weeks? Every gale that floats across the Atlantic comes freighted with the death-groans of a King, every vessel that touches your shores bears with her tidings that the captives of the Old World are at last becoming free—that they are seeking, through blood and slaughter—blindly and madly, it may be—but nevertheless resolutely—deliverance from the fetters that have held them in bondage. Who are they? The whole of Europe. And it is only about a year ago, I believe, that that officer of the Turkish Empire who holds sway in Tunis, one of the old slave markets of the world, whose prisons formerly received those of our people taken upon the high seas and made slaves to their captors—announced to the world that every body should there be free. And, if I am not mistaken, it will be found that this magic line which the Senator from S. C. believes has been drawn around the globe which we inhabit, with the view of separating Freedom and Slavery 36 degrees 30 minutes, brings this very Tunis into that region in which by the ordinance of God men are to be held in bondage! All over the world the air is vocal with the shouts of men made free. What does it all mean? It means that they have been redeemed from political servitude; and in God's name I ask, if it be a boon to mankind to be free from political servitude, must it not be accepted as matter of some congratulation that they have been relieved from absolute subjection to the arbitrary power of others? What do we say of them? I am not speaking of the propriety of this thing; it may be all wrong, and these poor fellows in Paris, who have stout hands and willing hearts, anxious to earn their bread, may be very censurable for fighting for it. It may be all wrong to cut off the head of a King or send him across the Channel. The problem of Free Government, as we call it, is not it seems, yet solved. It may be highly improper and foolish in Austria or Germany to send away Metternich and say. "We will look into this business ourselves." According to the doctrine preached in these Halls in free America—instead of sending shouts of congratulation across the water to these people, we should send to them groans and commiseration for their folly, calling on them to beware how they take this business into their own hands—informing them that universal liberty is a curse; that as one man is born with a right to govern an Empire, he and his posterity (as Louis Phillippe of Orleans maintained when he announced that his son should sit on the throne when he left it) must continue to exercise that power, because in their case it is not exactly *partes sequitur ventrem*, but *partes sequitur pater*—that is all the difference. [Laughter.] The Crown follows the father! Under your law the chain follows the mother! [Subdued manifestations of feeling.]

It was a law in the Colonies about '76 that King's had a right to govern us. George Guelph then said "*partes sequitur pater*"—My son is born to be your ruler. And at the very time when Virginia lifted up her hand and appealed to the God of Justice—the common Father of all men—to deliver her from that accursed maxim and its consequences, that one man was born—as Jefferson said—booted and spurred to ride another, it seems that by the Hon. Senator's account of it, she adhered to another maxim, to wit: that another man should be born to serve Virginia. I think the maxim of Kings being born to rule, and others being born only to serve are both of the family, and ought to have gone down to the same place whence. I imagine they came, long ago, together. I do not think that your *partes sequitur ventrem* had much quarter shown it at Yorktown on a certain day you may remember. I think that when the Lion of England crawled in the dust, beneath the talons of your Eagles, and Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington, that maxim, that a man is born to rule, went down, not to be seen among us any more forever, and I think that *partes sequitur ventrem*, in the estimation of all sensible men, disappeared along with it. So the men of that day thought. And we are thus brought to the consideration of the proper interpretation of that language of those men which has been somewhat criticised by the Senator from South Carolina. What did they mean when they said in the Declaration of Independence, that all men are born equally free? They had been contending that, if we on this side of the water were to be taxed by the Imperial Parliament of England, we had a right to say who should represent us in that Parliament. I need not refer gentlemen to the arguments then advanced. I need not refer the Senator from Virginia to his own local history, which informs that, throughout the whole Revolutionary period, the people in all the shires and towns were meeting and passing resolutions, as that book of American Archives that you have authorized to be perpetuated, will show you, complaining to the Crown of England of the importation of Slaves into this country. And why did they complain? Let their own documents tell their own story. These men of that generation in Virginia, in Connecticut—as the Senator before me will see by referring to that book in MSS.—everywhere throughout the Colonies, said—"While we are contending for the common rights of humanity, against the Crown of England, it does not become us to purchase men and hold them in Slavery." They objected to the introduction of slaves into this country through the intervention of the slave trade, because it was a wrong perpetrated upon the slave himself, and especially because it prevented the settlement of the country by artizans, mechanics, and labouring husbandmen.' I venture the assertion that not three Counties in the State of Virginia can be named in which resolutions of that character were not passed. In 1784, not far from this capitol where we are now engaged in talking about the transfer of the slave trade to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, there was a meeting in Fairfax at which one George Washington, Esq. presided. Some young gentlemen may know something of him. He was a tobacco-planter, Sir, at Mount Vernon. The resolutions passed on that occasion declared the intention of the meeting to refrain from purchasing any slaves, and their determination to have nothing to do with the slave trade—because the introduction of slaves into this country prevented its settlement by free whites. This, then, was the opinion in Virginia at that time; and it was the opinion in Georgia too. A convocation of men from every county in that State assembled—as I find by this book—assembled at Darien, and resolved the very same things, giving the same reasons. The men of that generation understood the work of founding a new country. They knew what was best for an infant people just struggling into existence. If their opinions are worth anything—if the opinions of the venerated men are to be considered as authority—I ask Southern gentlemen what they mean when they ask me to extend to the distant shores of the Pacific Ocean the slave trade between Maryland and Virginia and that almost unknown country. I am considering the propriety of doing this thing as if the question were now for the first time presented to us. I ask any Southern man, if there were not a slave on this Continent, would you send your ships to Africa and bring them here? Suppose this confederation of ours had been formed before a slave existed in it, and suppose here in the year of grace 1848 you had acquired California and New Mexico, and you were told that there existed a modified system of Slavery there, and that they wanted labourers there, would a Senator rise in his place and say we will authorise the African slave trade in order to introduce labourers into our infant Colonies? If you would not bring them to the shores of Africa—buying them with *partes sequitur ventrem* branded on them somewhere, how can you prove to me that it would be right to transfer them from Maryland? If Slavery were a curse to you in the beginning, but struck its roots so deep into your social and municipal system, as was then said that it could not be eradicated entirely, how is it that you call upon me, as a matter of conscience and duty to transfer this curse to an area of square miles greatly exceeding that of the thirteen States when the Confederation was formed? If it is so, that it is an evil—and so all your Statesmen have pronounced it, and so all your eminent men, with the exception of a few in modern times, have regarded it—how is it that you call upon me to extend it to those vast dominions which you have frequently required? Is it true that I am obliged to receive into my family a man with the small-pox or the leprosy, that they may be infected? I know you do not consider it in that light now. But the gentlemen from Virginia has said that it must be done. Why? Because it is compassion to the slave. He cannot be nurtured in Virginia; your lands are worn out. Sir, that statement sounded ominous in my ears. It gave rise to some reflection? Why are your lands worn out? Are the lands of Pensylvania worn out? Are those of Connecticut worn out? Is not Massachusetts more productive to-day that when the foot of the white man was first impressed upon her soil? Your lands are worn out because the slave has turned pale the land wherever he has set down his black foot! It is slave labour that has done all this. And must we then extend to these territories that which produces sterility wherever it is found, till bleak and barren desolation should cover the whole land? If you can call upon me as a matter of compassion to send the slave to California and Oregon, you can call upon me by the same sacred obligation to receive him into Ohio as a slave; and I would be just as much bound, as a citizen of Ohio, to say that the Constitution should be constructed so as to admit slaves there, because they have made the land in Virginia barren, and they and their masters were perishing, till Ohio had also become a howling wilderness. That reason will not do. Sensitive as they may appear to the morbid benevolence spoken of—with which I have no sympathy at all—and tender-hearted as I am, I can see through that—the citizens of Ohio cannot accept these men upon such terms.

What is there in the way then, of my giving an intelligent vote on this subject? Nothing at all. I would take this bill in a moment if I had faith in the processes through which that law is to pass until it becomes law in the Chamber below. But I have not that faith, and I will tell the gentleman why. It is a sad commentary upon the perfection of human reason that, with but very few exceptions, gentlemen coming from a slave State—and I think I have one behind me who ought always to be before me, [Mr. Badger]—with a very few exceptions, all eminent lawyers on this floor from that section of the country, have argued that you have no right to prohibit the introduction of Slavery into Oregon, California and New Mexico; while, on the other hand, there is not a man in the free States, learned or unlearned, clerical or lay, who has any pretensions to legal knowledge, but believes in his conscience that you have a right to prohibit Slavery. Is not that a curious commentary upon that wonderful thing called human reason?

Mr. *Underwood*—It is regulated by a line!

Mr. *Corwin*—Yes, by 36 deg. 30 min. and what is black on one side of the line is white on the other, turning to jet black again when restored to its original locality. How is that? Can I have confidence in the Supreme Court of the United States when my confidence fails in Senators around me here? Do I expect that the members of that body will be less careful than the Senators from Georgia and South Carolina to form their opinions without any regard to selfish considerations? Can I suppose that either of these gentlemen, or the gentleman from Georgia on the other side of the Chamber, [Mr. Johnson,] or the learned Senator from Mississippi, [Mr. Davis] who thought it exceedingly infamous that we should should attempt to restrain the Almighty in the execution of His purposes as revealed to us by Moses—can I suppose that these Senators, with all the terrible responsibilities which press upon us when engaged in legislating for a whole Empire, came to their conclusions without the most anxious deliberation? And yet, on one side of the line, in the slave States, the Constitution reads yea—while on the other, after the exercise of an equal degree of intelligence, calmness and deliberation, the Constitution is found to read nay.

I admire the Supreme Court of the United States as a tribunal. I admire the wisdom which contrived it. I rejoice in the good consequences which come to this Republic from the exercise of its functions. I also revere the Senate of the United States; but here is the most august body in the world, they say, composed of men who have wasted the midnight oil from year to year—men, who in cloisters, in courts, in legislative halls, have been reaping the fruits of ripe experience, coming here, and suddenly their mighty intellects, able to scan everything, however minute, and comprehend everything however grand, utterly fail them, and they kneel down in dumb insignificance and implore the Supreme Court to read the Constitution for them. I think the Senator from South Carolina must have had some new light upon the subject within the last few years, and that several of my Democratic friends on all sides of the Chamber must have been smitten with new love for the power of the Supreme Court. Do you remember the case adverted to by the Senator from New Jersey to-day?—I recollect very well when we did not stop to inquire how the Supreme Court had decided or ordained. It had decided, with JOHN MARSHALL at its head—a man whose lightest conjecture upon the subject of constitutional law has always had with me as much weight as the well-considered opinion of almost any other man—that Congress had power to establish just such a Bank as you had; but with what infinite scorn did Democratic gentlemen—Jackson Democrats as they chose to be called—curl their lips and turn up their noses when referred to that decision of the Supreme Court. Then the cry was, "We are Judges for ourselves; we make no law unless we have the power to enact it." Now, however, the doctrine is that here is a tribunal competent to put the question at rest forever. Thank God, though all should fail, there is an infallible depository of truth, and it lives once a year for three months in a little Chamber below us! We can go there. Now I understand my duty here to be to ascertain what constitutional power we have, and when we have ascertained that, without reference to what the Supreme Court may do—for they have as yet furnished no guide on this subject—we are to take it for granted that they will concur with us. If the Court does not concur with us, I agree with gentlemen who have been so lavish of their encomiums upon that Court, that their decision, whether right or wrong, controls our actions. But we have not hitherto endeavoured to ascertain what the Supreme Court would do. I wish then to ascertain in what mode this wonderful response is to be obtained—not from the Delphic Oracle, but from that infallible divinity, the Supreme Court. How is it to be done? A gentleman starts from Baltimore, in Maryland with a dozen black men who have seen *partes sequitur ventrem* burned into their skins and souls all over; he takes them to California, three thousand miles off. Now I don't know how it may be in other parts of the world, but I know that in the State of Ohio it is ordained that the law is carried to every man's door. What then is the admirable contrivance in this bill by which we can get at the meaning of the Constitution? We pray for it, we agonize for it, we make a law for it, and that it may be speedily known—for, if not speedily known it may as well never be known—that if Slavery goes there and remains there for one year, according to all experience it is eternally. Let it but plant its roots there, and the next thing you will hear of will be earnest appeals about the rights of property; it will be said: "The Senate did not say we had no right to come here. The House of Representatives, a body of gentlemen elected from all parts of the country on account of their sagacity and legal attainments, did not prohibit us from coming here. I thought I had a right to come here; the Senator from South Carolina said I had a right to come here; the Hon. Senator from Georgia said I had a right to come here; his colleague said it was a right secured to me somewhere high up in the clouds and not belonging to the world; the Senator from Mississippi said it was the ordinance of Almighty God; am I not then to enjoy the privileges thus so fully secured to me? I have property here; several of my women have born children, who have *partes sequitur ventrem* born with them; they are are my property."—Thus the appeal will be made to their fellow-citizens around them, and it will be asked whether you are prepared to strike down the property which the settler in those Territories has thus acquired? That will be the case unless the negro from Baltimore, when he gets there and sees the Peons there—slaves not by *partes sequitur ventrem*, but by a much later title—a verdict before a Justice of the Peace—should determine to avail himself of the admirable facilities afforded him by this bill for gaining his freedom. Suppose my friend from New Hampshire, when he goes home, gets up a meeting and collects a fund for the purpose of sending a missionary after these men; and when the missionary arrives there he proposes to hold a prayer-meeting; he gets up a meeting as they used to do in Yankee times, "for the improvement of gifts." He goes to the negro quarters of this gentleman from Baltimore and says: "Come, I want brother Cuffee; it is true that he is a son of Ham, but I want to instruct him that he is free." I am very much inclined to think that the missionary would fare very much as one did in South Carolina, at the hands of him of Baltimore. So you see the negro is to start all at once into a free Anglo-Saxon California; the blood of Liberty flowing in every vein, and its divine impulses throbbing in his heart. He is to say: "I am free; I am a Californian; I bring the right of *habeas corpus* with me." Well, he is brought up on a writ of habeas corpus—before whom? Very likely one of those gentlemen who have been proclaiming that Slavery has a right to go there; for such are the men that Mr. POLK is likely to appoint. He has prejudged the case. On the faith of his opinion the slave has been brought there; what can he do? There is his recorded judgment printed in your Congressional Report. What will he say? "You are a slave. Mr. CALHOUN was right. Judge BERRIEN of Georgia, a profound lawyer, whom I know well, was right. I know these gentlemen well; their opinion is enitled to the highest authority, and in the face of it, it does not become me to say that you are free. So, boy, go to your master; you belong to the class *partes sequitur ventrem*; you are not quite enough of a Saxon!" What then is to be done by this bill? Oh! a writ of error or appeal can come to the Supreme Court of the United States. How? The negro, if he is to be treated like a white, taking out an appeal, must give bonds in double the value of the subject matter in dispute. And what is that? If you consider the mercantile value of the negro, it may be perhaps $1,000 or $2,000. But he cannot have the appeal according to this bill, unless the value of the thing in controversy amounts to the value of $2,000. But, then, there comes in this ideality of personal liberty: what is it worth? Nothing at all—says the Senator from South Carolina—to this fellow, who is better without it. And under all this complexity of legal quibbling and litigation, it is expected that the negro will stand there and contend with his master, and coming on to Washington, will prosecute his appeal two years before the Supreme Court enjoying the opportunity of visiting his old friends about Baltimore! [Laughter.]

It must be conceded that there is a vast difference between a case thus submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States in the absence of all Congressional action, and that in which Congress would have decided that Slavery should not exist in the Territory; because the Supreme Court, in that case quoted so often from Peters, found that Congress had the power to legislate for the Territories. The Senator from S. C. concurs in that decision.

Now, if we can make any law whatever not contrary to the express prohibitions of the Constitution, we can enact that a man with $50,000 worth of bank-notes of Maryland shall forfeit the whole amount if he attempts to pass one of them in the Territory of California. We may say if a man carry a menagerie of wild beast there worth $500,000, and undertakes to exhibit them there, he shall forfeit them. The man comes back with his monkey under his arm, and says that the law forbade him to exhibit his animals there. It was thought that, as an economical arrangement, such things should not be tolerated there. That you may do: he of the lions and tigers goes back, having lost his whole concern.—But now you take a fellow that you say is brother to the monkey—with wool on his head, and *partes sequitur ventrem* engraved on him somewhere else, and somehow Congress is impotent; all the power of the sovereignty of this country is impotent to stop him. That is a strange sort of argument to me. It has always been considered that when a State forms its Constitution it can exclude Slavery. Why so? Because it chances to consider it an evil. If it be a proper subject of legislation in a State, and we have transferred to us by virtue of this bloody power of conquest as some say, or by purchase as others maintain, I ask—considering this as an abstract question—are there not duties devolving upon us, for the performance of which we may not be responsible to any earthly tribunal, but for which God who has created us all will hold us accountable? What is your duty above all others to a conquered people? You say it is your duty to give them a Government—may you not then do everything for them which you are not forbidden by some fundamental axiomatic truth at the foundation of your Constitution? Show me then how your action is precluded, and I submit Though I believe it ought to be otherwise, yet if the Constitution of my country so ordains, I yield. The Constitution of States declares Slavery to be an evil. Southern gentlemen have said that they would have done away with it if possible, and they have apologized to the world and to themselves for the existence of it in their their midst. These honest old men of another day never could have appealed to God in the way they did, had they not been willing to strike off the chains from every negro in the Colonies, if it had been possible for them to do so without upturning the foundations of society.) do not revive these things to wound the feelings of gentlemen. I know some of them consider this institution as valuable; but many of them

there shall be no Slavery here." You may implore a State, if you please, to take Slaves into its bosom for your convenience, but they do not feel themselves bound by any Governmental obligation to do it. Am I not, then bound to lay the foundations of that State for whose future progress I am to be responsible, in the way which I think the most likely to produce beneficial results to the people there? And when I find myself possessed of this power, and clothed with commensurate responsibility, no threats of dissolution of the Union, no heart-burnings here nor there, and least of all—that which we have heard much of out-of-doors—the coming Presidential Election, shall deter me from pursuing this course. If in my power, in the language of the Ordinance of '87, I would have it enacted that Slavery shall never exist in that country. Then, when my black man comes to the Supreme Court of the United States, as provided in this bill, that Court must overrule the decision in the case in Peters, or else I have misunderstood the extent of that power.—Then we will have acted upon the subject—we will have forbidden Slavery; and I observed that some gentlemen who handle this subject were very careful to keep upon that line, that Slavery may go where it has not been prohibited. That is the reason I prefer the Ordinance of '87 to this so-called Compromise Bill, I have no doubt that every Senator who assented to that bill convinced himself that it was the best we could pass. I have no doubt that our friends from the North thought it would be effective in preventing Slavery in these Territories. But I see that the Senator from South Carolina does not think so. He supports the bill for the very reason that it will admit Slavery;—the Senator from Vermont, for the reason that Slavery cannot get there. Now, in this confusion of ideas, I desire that Congress, if it have any opinion, express it. If we have any power to legislate over these Territories, how long would it take to write down the six articles of the Ordinance of '87? Those of us who think that ought to be a fundamental law in the organization of our Territories will vote for it; and those of us who believe otherwise will vote against it, and whichever party triumphs, will give law to Oregon and California, bearing the responsibility.—But I must say that I do not like what appears to me—I say it in no offensive sense—a shuffling off of the responsibility which is upon us now, and which we cannot avoid. The Supreme Court may overrule our decision but if we think we have power to ordain that Slavery shall not exist in that Territory, let us say so: if not, let us so decide. Let us not evade the question altogether.

That the Hon. Senators who reported this bill, had its passage very much at heart I have no doubt; nor do I feel disposed to deny that every man of them believed that it was just such a measure as was calculated to give tranquillity to the agitated minds of the people of this country. Well, I do not care for that agitation farther than that I will look to it as a motive to know what it is—what my powers and my duties are. I have heard much of this—I have been myself a prophet of dissolution of this Union, but I have seen the Union of these States decried so much of late, that I am not afraid of dissolution. Perhaps, indeed, when this cry of wolf has been long disregarded, he may come at last when not expected; but I do not believe that the people of the South are going to sever themselves from this republic, because we will not establish Slavery here and there. If we have no power to pass this law, let the people of the South go to the Supreme Court, and have the question decided. It will only be a few months till the Court resumes its sessions here, and the question can then be tried. If the decision be against us, the gentlemen of the South can at once commence their emigration to these territories. Let us then make the law as we think it ought to be made.

I am the more confirmed in this course which I am determined to pursue, by some historical facts elicited in this very discussion. I remember what was said by the Senator from Virginia, the other day; and happily found it this morning, and the reference was all that I expected. It is a truth that when the Constitution of the United States was made, South Carolina and Georgia refused to come into the Union unless the Slave trade should be continued for twenty years; and the North agreed that they would vote to continue the Slave trade for twenty years; yes, voted that this new Republic should engage in piracy and murder at the will of two States! So the history reads; and the condition of the agreement was that those two States should agree to some arrangement about navigation laws! I do not blame South Carolina and Georgia for this transaction any more than I do those Northern States who shared in it. But suppose the question were now presented here by any one, whether we should adopt the foreign Slave trade and continue it for twenty years, would not the whole land turn pale with horror, that in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, a citizen of this free community, a Senator of the United States, should dare to propose the adoption of a system that has been denominated piracy and murder, and is by law punishable by death all over Christendom? What did they do then? They had power to prohibit it; but at the command of these two States they allowed that to be introduced into the Constitution to which all Slavery now existing in our land is clearly to be traced. For who can doubt that but for that woeful bargain, Slavery would by this time have disappeared from all the States, with one or two exceptions? The number of Slaves in the United States at that period was about six hundred thousand; it is now three millions. And just as you extend the area of Slavery, so you multiply the difficulties which lie in the way of its extermination. It had been infinitely better that day that South Carolina and Georgia had remained out of the Union for ever rather than that the Constitution should have been made to sanction the Slave trade for twenty years. The dissolution of the Confederacy would have been nothing in comparison with that recognition of piracy and murder. I can conceive of nothing in the dark record of Man's enormities, from the death of Abel down to this hour, so horrible as that of stealing people from their own homes, and making them and their posterity slaves forever. It is a crime which we know has been visited, as we learn from the pages of Sacred History, by the vengeance and wrath of Almighty God. In thus characterizing this accursed traffic, I speak but the common sentiment of all mankind. I could not, if I taxed my feeble intellect to the utmost, denounce it in language as strong as that uttered by THOMAS JEFFERSON himself. Nay more, the spirit of that great man descending on his grandson, in your Virginia Convention, denounced the Slave trade as now carried on between the States, as being no less infamous than that foreign Slave trade carried on in ships that went down into the sea. I speak of THOMAS JEFFERSON RANDOLPH. If you would not go to Africa and hence people California with Slaves, may you not perpetrate equal enormities here? You take the child from its mother's heart—you separate husband and wife—and you transport them three thousand miles off across the broad Atlantic.

I know this is a patriarchal institution, and I doubt not that in the hands of such gentlemen as talk about it here, it may be made very attractive. It may be a very agreeable sight to behold a large company of dependents, kindly treated by a benevolent master, and to trace the manifestations of gratitude which they exhibit. But in my eyes a much more grateful spectacle would be that of a patriarch in the same neighbourhood, with his dependents all around him, invested with all the attributes of Freedom bestowed upon them by the Common Father, in whose sight all are alike precious! It is, indeed, a very "peculiar" institution. According to the account of the Senator from Mississippi, (Mr. Davis) this institution exhibits all that is most amiable and beautiful in our nature. That Senator drew a picture of an old grey-headed negro woman, with her hard hand upon the soft head of the master's child, and blessing him and his father—for what? For the stamp of *partes sequitur ventrem*! But he concealed the other side of the picture: and it was only revealed to us by the quick apprehension of the Senator from Florida, (Mr. Westcott) who wanted the power to send a patrol all over the country to prevent this old nurse from throttling young master! I had almost believed, after hearing the beautiful, romantic, sentimental narration of the Senator from Mississippi, that God had indeed, as he said, made this people in Africa, to come over here and wait upon us, till the Senator from Florida waked me up to a recollection of the old doctrines of Washington and Jefferson by assuring us that wherever that patriarchal institution existed, a rigid police should be maintained in order to prevent the old women from cutting the throat of somebody! It is then a very "peculiar" institution! Those who live under it cannot exist a day without caresses; and on the next they must be provided with scores of constables with clubs in their hands, to keep them from cutting each other's throats! [A laugh.]

I do not wish to extend that Institution into these Territories. Is it pretended that Slave labour could be profitable in Oregon or California? Do we expect to grow cotton and sugar there? I do not know that it may not be done there; for as the gentlemen from New York has told us, just as you go West upon this continent, the same line of latitude changes very much, so that you may have a different isothermal line as you approach the Pacific Ocean. But I do not care so much about that; my objection is a radical one to the institution anywhere. I do believe that, if there is any place upon the globe which we inhabit where a white man cannot work, he has no business there. If that place is fit only for black men to work, let black men alone live there. I do not know any better law for man's good than that old one which was announced to Men after the first transgression, that by the sweat of his brow he should earn his bread. I do'nt know what business men have in the world unless it is to work. If he is only to sleep and eat, he is reduced to the level with the hog—the only gentleman I know! [A laugh.]

When you ask me, then, not to prohibit Slavery in these territories, with my view of the institution itself and of our power, I must assert the power to exclude Slavery forever. In your States where you have made Slavery property, you may protect it as you please, and I will aid you in giving it that security which the Constitution affords; but, with God's help, not one inch beyond shall this institution go. I may be mistaken in all this, but of one thing I am satisfied—of the honest conviction of my own judgment—and no supposed interruption of the ties which bind the various sections of the Confederacy shall induce me to shrink from these convictions, whenever I am called upon to carry them out to law.

But we are told that when the Constitution was made there existed certain relative proportions between the power of the Slave and the power of the Free States. I understood the Senator from South Carolina that we were under obligations to preserve, eternally, these relative proportions in the same way.

Mr. *Calhoun*.—I said nothing of the kind.

Mr. *Corwin*.—I am very happy to be undeceived, I understood the Senator to conceive that this is a question of power. It is not so. It is a question of municipal law, of civil polity. The men who framed the Constitution never dreamed that there was going to be a conflict of power between the Slave and the Free States. They never dreamed that the South was to contend that they would always be equal in representation in the Senate to the North. They had no idea of that equilibrium of power of which we have heard so much. The circumstances of that period forbade any such supposition. Looking at all these circumstances—and I have no doubt those far-seeing men regarded them carefully—you would have had fourteen Slave States and but nine Free. But every man who had anything to do with the formation of the Constitution expected and desired that Slavery should be prohibited in the New States; and they even expected to have it abolished in many of the States where it existed. They had no idea of conflict; and if the fanatics in the South, as well as those in the North, would let the subject alone, we should have no more trouble concerning it. But what do we see? While Northern fanatics are for rushing into the States where Slavery exists, trampling upon your laws and setting your slaves free—at which enormity the South holds up her hands in pious horror—the fanatics of the South are entering upon the free soil of this Republic whenever they are able, and converting it into slave Territory. Sir you must say no more about the fanatics of the North endeavouring to uproot your institutions, while you imitate the example of those fanatics in your treatment of the Free Soil of this Union. Sir, there is no difference between the two cases. The fanatics of the South are but a counterpart of those of the North. If there be any difference, it is only this: That the fanatic of the North has the poor apology of aiming to give liberty to his fellow-man, while you of the South are endeavouring to pull down the temples of Liberty and to rear your institution of Slavery upon their ruins. I have declared my opinions in regard to this institution, as I believe it to exist. I have no belief that a man who owns slaves must necessarily be permitted to carry out his own views. I rather think he owns them because he does not know any better. I think, upon the whole, they had all better come to the State of Ohio for an example, where we drive even the free negroes away. I intend nothing offensive to the sensibilities of gentlemen, but if the free expression of my honest convictions offends, I cannot help it. I believe if we were to set about this business of establishing Governments as our fathers did when they laid the foundation of this Republic of ours—if the same spirit animated us—if happily they could come to us this day from the abodes of the blessed, and impart to us a little of their wisdom, there would be no difficulty in passing the Ordinance of 1787, and applying it to these Territories. We are not such men as they were.

Mr. *Johnson* of Md.—[in his seat.]—Certainly we are.

Mr. *Corwin*.—The Senator from Maryland may be, but if so, he is an exception.

Mr. *Johnson*.—The Senator from Ohio, is certainly an exception.

Mr. *Corwin*.—The Senator is very polite.

Now, Sir, a gentleman before me, [Mr. Fitzgerald,] has, with great propriety, explained to the Senate the position in which he is placed in respect to a friend of his, who is not now in this body. The subject has been often adverted to, and while on my feet I wish to say a few words in relation to it. Gen. Cass, it is said, is likely to be implicated on account of his friends' action upon this question of Slavery. I know not how that can be, for I may as well say here that I have no confidence whatever as to the precise position in which Mr. Cass may place himself to-morrow. He has occupied two positions already. Sir, he who can change his position so readily may change back at the shortest notice. Gen. Cass has declared that Congress has no power over the subject. But the Senator from South Carolina has very properly declared such a doctrine to be a flat absurdity; because we can transfer the power to the Territorial Government to act upon the subject, we must of course possess the power ourselves; we cannot communicate more power than we have. And I here declare, if anybody is concerned to know what is my opinion on the subject, and what is the opinion of the free States of the Union, that if Gen. Taylor was not considered as being committed by his published letters against the exercise of the Veto power upon this subject, he would not get my vote, nor would he get the vote of a free State in America if I could help it.

Mr. *Hannegan*.—I would like to be informed by the Senator from Ohio, as he has referred to Gen. Cass's position, and as he is about to give his support to Gen. Taylor, if he can give us Gen. Taylor's views on the subject, and what his opinion will be as expressed in his Message to Congress?

Mr. *Corwin*.—I cannot.

Mr. *Hannegan*.—I understand the Senator from Ohio to say that if Gen. Taylor would interpose a veto upon the subject, he would not vote for him under any circumstances.

Mr. *Corwin*—I would not, nor would any man in my State, unless indeed I found him opposed to just such another man who had a great many bad qualities beside. [A laugh.] But, Sir, I have to say that I do not believe that Gen. Taylor could get the electoral vote of a free State in America, if it were not for the belief that prevails, that upon this subject as well as upon any other of a like character, he would not interpose his veto. I believe the man who does it, be he who he may, deserves impeachment, and to have his head rolled from a block. That has been my opinion for some time! [A laugh.]

I have no more desire to live under a despotism here than in Ireland. We have exhibited to some extent our sympathy with those who are warring against despotism, and I now mean to show you, as far as I am able, what is the public opinion at this time in this country. It may be that the people will tolerate you in passing a law of this sort, because you are the constituted law-makers of the land, but they will tolerate no man, no, not even WASHINGTON if he were alive, in interposing his veto upon a law analagous to the Ordinance of 1787. If the Congress of the United States will that there shall be Freedom from Slavery forever, and any man sitting in the White House dare interpose his puny arm against it, I will not say he will be taken through the forms of impeachment—there might be a more summary method found out of disposing of him.

I know very well that the Senate is weary of this debate. I wish now only to state another fact which will show what it is that our brethern of the South now demand. If you take the area of the Free States and the slave States as they exist, and compare them, you will find that the latter predominate. When the Constitution was formed, and when all the territory which you then had was brought into the Union, the Free States had an excess of 100,000 square miles over the slave States; but when you had acquired Louisiana, Florida and Texas, and added them to the Union, and when you add the claim of the South that they will carry their Slaves into Oregon, New-Mexico and California, what will then be the condition of the Free States? The former will have one-third more power in the Senate of the United States than the Free States could ever have, And this is all you ask! Much has been said about the modesty of the South—the forbearance of the South! Why, considered merely as a question of political power all they ask of us is to put the power into their hands, in order that they may govern the free men of the North as they govern the black men of the South! If it is to be looked upon as a question of power at all, that is the position in which this question will be placed if you admit Slavery into these Territories—this is the position in which, I believe before God, we shall be placed unless you prohibit it. Sir, I have seen the working of this system. Plant 30 slaveholders among 300 inhabitants who are not slaveholders, and they will maintain their position against the 300. Let one man out of 50 be a slaveholder and he will persuade the 49 that it is better that the institution should exist. It is property that stands in the way of humanity; it is interest sordid interest. I do not like to consider the question in that light, but I cannot be blind to the course which has ever been pursued by the modest and self-denying South, the God-fearing South, which has exhibited such extraordinary forbearance—not caring to extend its power—but at the same time demanding of us to give them the power to rule this Senate, which at least is equivalent to ruling the legislative power of the land. Sir, if it were a mere question of power, I rather think I should consent to give it up to them, but there are questions deeper and higher than your mode of governing the country would be to me. For myself I want the Ordinance of 1787. There I can stand upon firm ground! There the path is marked by the blood of the Revolution! I stand in company there with "the old men," their locks wet with the Jordan through which they have passed, and their garments wet with the blood which they have shed to give us the priceless boon of freedom!

TAYLOR'S ACCEPTANCE.—The following is General Taylor's letter accepting the nomination of the Philadelphia Convention. He is careful not to commit himself to what, by way of courtesy, are called Whig principles.

BATON ROUGE, July 15, 1848.

Hon. J. M. MOREHEAD, *Greenborough, Guilford Co. N.C.*

SIR—I have the honor to receive your communication of June 10, announcing that the Whig Convention, which assembled at Philadelphia on the 7th of that month, and of which you were the Presiding Officer, has nominated me for the office of President of the United States. Looking to the composition of the Convention, and its numerous and patriotic constituents, I feel truly grateful for the honor bestowed upon me—for the distinguished confidence implied in my nomination to the highest office in the gift of the American People. I cordially accept that nomination, but with the sincere distrust of my fitness to fulfil the duties of an office which demands for its exercise the most exalted abilities and patriotism, and which has been rendered illustrious by the greatest names in our history. But should the selection of the Whig Convention be confirmed by the people, I shall endeavour to discharge the new duties then devolving upon me, so as to meet the expectation of my fellow-citizens, and preserve undiminished the prosperity and reputation of our Common Country.

I have the honor to remain, with the highest respect, your obedient servant, Z. TAYLOR.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1848.

To Lamartine.

1.

I did not praise thee when the crowd,
'Witched with the moment's inspiration,
Vext thy still æther with hozannas loud
And stamped their dusty adoration;
I but looked upward with the rest
And, when they shouted Greatest, whispered Best.

2.

They raised thee not, but rose to thee,
Their fickle wreaths about thee flinging;
So on some marble Phœbus the high sea
Might leave his worthless seaweed clinging,
But pious hands with reverent care
Make the pure limbs once more sublimely bare.

3.

Now thou 'rt thy plain grand self again,
Thou art secure from panegyric,
Thou who gav'st politics an epic strain
And acted'st Freedom's noblest lyric;
This side the Blessed Isles, no tree
Grows green enough to make a wreath for thee.

4.

Nor can blame cling to thee; the Snow
From swinish footprints takes no staining,
But, leaving the gross soils of Earth below,
Its spirit mounts, the skies regaining,
And unresenting falls again
To beautify the world with dews and rain.

5.

The highest duty to mere man vouchsafed
Was laid on thee,—out of wild chaos,
When the roused popular ocean foamed and chafed,
And vulture War from his Imaus
Snuffed blood,—to summon homely Peace
And show that only order is release.

6.

To carve thy fullest thought what though
Time was not granted? aye in hist'ry,
Like that Dawn's face which baffled Angelo
Left shapeless, grander for its myst'ry,
Thy great Design shall stand, and day
Flood its blind front from Orients far away.

7.

Who says thy Day is o'er? Control,
My heart, that bitter first emotion;
While men shall reverence the steadfast soul,
The heart in silent self-devotion
Breaking, the mild heroic mien,
Thou 'lt need no prop of marble, Lamartine.

8.

If France reject thee, 't is not thine
But her own exile that she utters;
Ideal France, the deathless, the divine,
Will be where thy white pennon flutters,
As once the nobler Athens went
With Aristides into banishment.

9.

No fitting metewand hath To-day
For measuring spirits of thy stature;
Only the Future can reach up to lay
The laurel on that lofty nature;
Bard, who with some diviner art
Hast touched the bard's true lyre, a nation's heart.

10.

Swept by thy hand, the gladdened chords,
Crashed now in discords fierce by others,
Gave forth one note beyond all skill of words
And chimed together—we are brothers;
O, poem unsurpassed! it ran
All round the world unlocking man to man.

11.

France is too poor to pay alone
The service of that ample spirit;
Paltry seem low dictatorship and throne
If balanced with thy simple merit;
They had to thee been rust and loss,
Thy aim was higher, thou hast climbed a cross.

J. R. L.

The New Compromise.

As we predicted last week the Compromise Bill has passed the Senate, but, we are happy to say, has been rejected by the House. This, however, by no means, settles the question. It is not improbable that we may next week have to announce that a Bill, substantially the same, so far as the question of Slavery is concerned, has become a law. It will be remembered that when the "Three Millions' Bill" was before Congress about eighteen months ago, precisely this game was played. The Wilmot Proviso, which was added to it as an amendment, was first accepted by the House, but rejected by the Senate. But the Bill was finally passed by both houses without the Proviso. If anything further is done for the Government of the Territories this session, we, presume, a similar result will be reached. If not, then the evil day is postponed only a few months. The South is not defeated because she is once repulsed. As yet no Bill for the Government of the Territories is passed, and she stands therefore, precisely where she did ten days ago. She only has to "pick her flint, and try again." She knows now precisely where the game lies, and will take better aim next time.

Before the final action on the Bill in the Senate, Mr. Hale moved the Wilmot Proviso, which was rejected by the following vote:

YEAS—Allen, Atherton, Baldwin, Benton, Bradbury, Clarke, Corwin, Davis of Mass. Dayton, Dix, Dodge, Felch, Fitzgerald, Greene, Hale, Hamlin, Miller, Niles, Spruance, Upham, and Walker—21

NAYS—Atchison, Badger, Bell, Berrien, Borland, Breese, Bright, Butler, Calhoun, Clayton, Davis of Miss. Dickinson, Douglass, Downs, Foote, Hannegan, Houston, Hunter, Johnson of Md. Johnson of La. Johnston of Ga. King, Lewis, Mangum, Mason, Metcalfe, Rusk, Sebastian, Sturgeon, Turney, Underwood, Westcott, and Yulee—33.

[Mr. *Phelps* absent. Messrs. Cameron, Pearce and Webster absent.]

The question on the final passage of the Bill was taken and resulted thus:

YEAS—*For the Compromise.*

FREE STATES.

Atherton, N. H.	Douglass, Ill.
Breese, Ill.	Dickinson, N. Y.
Bright, Ind.	Hannegan, Ind.
Phelps, Vt.	Sturgeon, Pa.—8

Do. SLAVE STATES.

Atchison, Mo.	Downs, La.
Benton, do.	Foote, Miss.
Berrien, Ga.	Houston, Texas.
Borland, Ark.	Hunter, Va.
Butler, S. C.	*R. Johnson*, Md.
Calhoun, do.	*H. Johnson*, La.
Clayton, Del.	*H. V. Johnson*, Ga.
Davis, Miss.	King, Ala.
Lewis, Ala.	Rush, Texas,
Mangum, N. C.	Sebastian, Ark.
Mason, Va.	*Sprunance*, Del.
Westcott, Fla.	Turney, Tenn.
Yulee, Fla.—25.	Total. - - - 33.

NAYS—*Against the Compromise.*

SLAVE STATES.

Badger, N. C.	*Metcalfe*, Ky.
Bell, Tenn.	*Underwood*, Ky.—4.

Do. FREE STATES.

Allen, Ohio.	Fitzgerald, Mich.
Baldwin, Conn.	Felch, do.
Bradbury, Me.	*Greene*, R. I.
Clarke, R. I.	Hale, N. H.
Corwin, Ohio.	Hamlin, Mo.
Davis, Mass.	*Miller*, N. J.
Dayton, N. J.	*Niles*, Conn.
Dix, N. Y.	*Upham*, Vt.
Dodge, Wisc.	Walker, Wisc—18
Total - Nays 22.	Maj. 11.
Absent, Cameron. Pa.	*Pearce*, Md.
	Webster, Mass.—3.
	[Whigs in *Italics*.]
Yeas, Whig 7.	Nays, Whig 13.
Locos 26.	Loco 9.

This was on Thursday of last week. On Friday the Bill came up in the House, and after a brief debate a motion was made to *lay on the table*. The previous question being demanded and seconded, and the motion to lay on the table prevailed by a vote of 112 to 97—15 majority, as follows:

YEAS—(*Against the Compromise.*)

FREE STATES.

Maine—*Belcher*, Clapp, Hammons, Smart, Wiley—
New Hampshire—Peaslee, TUCK—2.
Vermont—*Collamer*, *Henry*, *Marsh*, Peck—4.
Massachusetts—*Abbott*, *Ashmun*, *Grinnell*, *Hale*, *Hudson*, *D. P. King*, *H. Mann*, *Palfrey*, *J. Rockwell*—9.
Rhode Island—*Cranston*, Thurston—2.
Connecticut—*Dixon*, *Hubbard*, *J. A. Rockwell*, *Truman Smith*—4.
New York—Collins, *Conger*, *Duer*, *Gott*, *Hall*, *Holmes*, Jenkins, *Kellogg*, *W. T. Lawrence*, S. Lawrence, Lord, Maclay, *Marvin*, *Mullin*, *Nelson*, *Nicoll*, Petrie, *Putnam*, *Reynolds*, *Rose*, *Rumsey*, *Sherrill*, *Singerland*, *St. John*, Starkweather, *Sylvester*, *Tallmadge*, *Warren*, *White*—29.
New Jersey—*Gregory*, *Hampton*, *Newell*, *Van Dyke*—4
Pennsylvania—*Blanchard*, *C. Butler*, *Dickey*, *Eckert*, *Freedley*, *Hampton*, *Farrelly*, *J. R. Ingersoll*, *Irvine*, *McIlvaine*, *Nes*, *Pollock*, *Stewart*, *Strohm*, Strong, James Thompson, Wilmot—17.
Ohio—*Canby*, *Crowell*, *Duncan*, *Edwards*, *Evans*, *Fisher*, Farnh Fries. *Giddings*, Lanm Morris, *Schenck*, *Taylor*, *Vinton*—14.
Indiana—*Dunn*, *Embree*, Henley, *Caleb B. Smith*, *R. W. Thompson*—5.
Illinois—*Lincoln*, R. Smith Wentworth—3.
Michigan—Bingham, M'Clelland, Stuart—3
Wisconsin—Darling, Lynde—2.
Iowa—Wm. Thompson—1.
Total from Free States—104.

SLAVE STATES.

Virginia—*Pendleton*—1.
Georgia—*Stephens*—1.
North Carolina—*Boyden*, *Donnell*—2
Kentucky—*Adams*, *Buckner*, *J. B. Thompson*—3.
Tennessee—*Crozier*—1. Total 8—(all Whigs.)
Total for laying on the table, 112.

NAYS—(*Against Laying on Table,*)

FREE STATES.

Maine—Clark, H. Williams—2.
New-York—Birdsall (of Broome Co.)—1.
Pennsylvania—C. Brown, C. J. Ingersoll, J. Mann, R. Broadhead—4.
Ohio—Dickinson, Kennon, Miller, Richey, Sawyer—5.
Indiana—Cathcart, Pettit, Robinson, Rockhill, Wick—5.
Illinois—Ficklin, McClernand, Richardson, Turner—4.
Total from Free States, 21—all Locos.

SLAVE SATES.

Deleware—*Houston*—1.
Maryland—*Chapman*, *Crisfield*, *Evans*, Ligon, McLane—5.
Virginia—Atkinson, Bayly, Beale, Bedinger, Bocock, *Botts*, W. G. Brown, *Flournay*, *Fulton*, *Goggin*, McDowell, Meade, *Preston*, R. A. Thompson—14.
North Carolina—*Barringer*, *Clingman*, Daniel, McKay, *Outlaw*, *Shepperd*, Venable—7.
South Carolina—Burt, I. E. Holmes, Simpson, Rhett, Sims, Wallace. Woodward—7.
Georgia—H. Cobb, Haralson, Iverson, *J. W. Jones*, *T. B. King*, Lumpkin, *Toombs*—7.
Alabama—Bowdon, W. R. W. Cobb, *Gayle*, Harris, *Hilliard*, Houston, Inge—7.
Mississippi—A. G. Brown, Featherston, Jacob Thompson, *Tompkins*—4.
Louisiana—Harmanson, Le Sere, *Thibodeaux*—3.
Florida—Cabell—1.
Texas—Kaufman, Pillsbury—2.
Kentucky—Boyd, B. L. Clark, French, *Morehead*, Peyton—5.
Tennessee—*Barrow*, *Cocke*, *Gentry*, Hill, A. Johnson, G. W. Jones, Stanton, Thomas—8.
Missouri—Bowlin, Green, Hall, Jameson—4.
Arkansas—R. W. Johnson—1.
Total—76.

Total against laying on the table—97. Majority for laying on the table—15.

ABSENTEES, *or Not Voting.*

New Hampshire—J. H. Johnson, *J. Wilson*—2.
Massachusetts—*Winthrop*, (Speaker) no vote.
New York—*W. Hunt*, Murphy, (2 vacancies.)
New Jersey—Edsell—1.
Pennsylvania—*Brady*, Bridges, LEVIN—3.
Ohio—Cummins, *Root*—2.
Iowa—Leffler—1.
Maryland—Roman—1.
Louisiana—Morse 1.
Kentucky—*Duncan*, *Gaines*—3.
Tennessee—Chase, *Haskell*—2.
Missouri—Phelps—1.
Total Absentees—free States 11, (beside two vacancies and Speaker not voting)—slave State 7. (Whigs in *Italics.*)

A motion to reconsider was now made and defeated by 114 to 96—18 majority.

A bill for the Government of Oregon has been before the House for some days, but it remains to be seen what shape it may take, and what disposition may be made of it. Ample time remains for any mischief that may be contemplated, though the Senate has voted to adjourn on the 14th, and the House will probably concur.

How it was done.

The Evening Post publishes the following letter from ex-Senator Tappan of Ohio, explaining his vote for the annexation of Texas. It is a most instructive document, and explains not only how Northern gulls will swallow any pretext that shall absolve them from the duty of opposing the Slave Power, but how ready that Power always is with some sort of an expedient to compass its ends. When overseerism will not do—and it rarely fails—the slaveholders do not hesitate to resort to any sort of trickery of the basest kind to make a fool of the man who is not worth the buying, or is not knave enough to be bought. If any one thing in particular was expected of this Senator Tappan when he was sent to Congress, it was that he should oppose the encroachments of the Slave Power, and not a little indignation was felt at the time that he so readily yielded his position in opposition to the Annexation of Texas. He did, however, only what the North has uniformly been forced to do when the interests of the South were at stake, or at least, with only this difference, that he gave his vote upon a private understanding of a compromise, rather than a public acknowledgement of the necessity of such compromise. The result was, as it always has been, and always will be, so long as a compact and united oligarchy, holding the balance of power, is opposed in the same government, to a body, divided into parties, and distracted by the hope of enjoying some share of power as the gift of that oligarchy. Mr. Tappan was jockeyed out of his vote by a promise of Polk, which he never meant to keep, and the act of Tyler, which Polk no doubt knew would save him the trouble of breaking his word. It was as clearly a swindle as if A. had sold B's horse in C's hands, but which C. had run off with before there was a chance for delivery, each party understanding precisely what was to be his share in the transaction. But the game, in this case, was States and generations of human beings, and the fraud is called Statesmanship, not knavery.

We rather wonder that Senator Tappan should be willing to expose his weakness, though, of course, we rejoice that he has made a clean breast of it. If other public men were equally candid, we should have a most interesting and instructive history of the Arogress of the Republic.

The letter is as follows:

STUBENVILLE, July 21, 1848.

To the Editor of the Evening Post:

Dear Sir: Since the admission of Texas in the Union was consummated, I have thought with you that my vote on that measure required explanation. I was in favour of receiving that State into the Union as soon as it could be done on fair and just terms, and with the consent of Mexico; and I believe, from all I could learn, that this might be accomplished at less expense than it would cost to waze a war of one year's duration for obtaining it. So disposed, I not only voted against Mr. Tyler's Treaty of Annexation because it was exceptionable in its terms, but in violation of a rule of the Senate, from an imperative sense of public duty had published it and the correspondence with which it was accompanied, because it appeared to me that the whole affair afforded evidence of a daring conspiracy to divide the Union by arraying the free and slave States against each other—evidence which considerations entirely paramount to all Senatorial formulas, required to be immediately divulged.

The inquiry is a very natural one—how men who desired the admission of Texas and voted against the treaty of annexation, could afterward vote for the Resolution in the House of Representatives by Mr. Milton Brown, which was more exceptionable in its terms than the treaty. Now that the war with Mexico is ended, and the public interest cannot be injured by answering this inquiry, I give you the following statement, premising that the public history of the transaction is in the Congressional Globe, Vol. XIV. page 853 to 363, and the Congressional Globe of February 24, 1847.

When the "joint resolution declaring the terms on which Congress will admit Texas into the Union as a State," was before the Senate, it was soon found that a number of the Democratic members who were favourable to the admission of Texas would vote against that resolution. I was one of them. In this state of the matter it was proposed that, instead of rejecting the House resolution, we should amend it by adding, as an alternative proposition, the substance of Mr. Benton's bill to obtain Texas by negotiation. I had strong objections to this plan, for I did not see the necessity or propriety of passing the House resolutions either with or without the proposed amendments: but it was urged that the session was so near its close that the measure would be defeated if we substituted Mr. Benton's plan for the other, whereas, if we made it an additional article it would readily pass the House in that form. This reasoning did not satisfy me, but finding that my friends were all satisfied with the proposed arrangement, I acceded to it—provided that I could have satisfactory assurances that the plan proposed in such amendment would be the only one used and submitted to Texas.

Mr. Polk was in the city; it was understood that he was very anxious that Congress should act on the subject before he came into office; it was also understood that the proposition to amend the House resolution, originated with Mr. Polk. It had been suggested that if we did so amend the resolution, Mr. Calhoun would send off the House resolution to Texas, and so endeavour to forestall the action of Mr. Polk, but Mr. McDuffie, his friend, having met the suggestion by the declaration that he would not have the "audacity" to do such a thing, it was no more thought of. One difficulty remained, and that was the danger of putting it in the power of Mr. Polk to submit the House resolution to Texas. We understood, indeed that he intended to submit the Senate proposition to that Government, but without being satisfied that he would do this, I would not vote for the resolution, and it was well ascertained that without my vote it could not pass. Mr. Haywood, who had voted with me, and was opposed to the House resolution, undertook to converse with Mr. Polk on the subject, and did so. He afterward told me that he was authorized by Mr. Polk, to say to myself and other Senators, that if we would pass the resolution with the amendment proposed to be made, he would not use the House resolution, but would submit the Senate amendment as the sole proposition to Texas; upon this assurance I voted for the amendment moved by Mr. Walker, containing the substance of Mr. Benton's bill, and voted for the resolution as it now stands on the statue book.

It is matter of history that Mr. Calhoun did have the "audacity" to send of a special messenger with the House resolution to Texas, on the 3d of March, a few minutes before he went out of office; and that Mr. Polk adopted and confirmed this act of Mr. Calhoun, so admitting Texas into the Union, and placing the United States in a state of war with Mexico.

Knowing that my esteemed friend, F. P. Blair, had taken a deep interest in this subject while it was before Congress, I addressed a note to him, requesting a statement of his recollections of the way the question was got through the Senate. The following is his answer.

I am, Sir, yours, BENJAMIN TAPPAN.

SILVER SPRING, July 7.

Hon. BENJAMIN TAPPAN, Steubenville, Ohio:

DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 1st inst. asks me to state what I know "as to the way the Texas question was got through the Senate." I comply, and will not encumber the narrative with immaterial details.

When the resolution passed by the House of Representatives for the Annexation of Texas reached the Senate, it was ascertained that it would fail in that body. Benton, Bagby, Dix, Haywood, and, as I understood, you also, were absolute in opposition to this naked proposition of Annexation, which necessarily brought with it the war in which Texas was engaged with Mexico. All had determined to adhere to the bill submitted by Col. Benton, for the appointment of a commission to arrange the terms of Annexation with Texas, and to make the attempt to render its accession to our Union as palatable as possible to Mexico, before its consummation. It was hoped that this might be effected by giving (as been done in the late Treaty of Peace) a pecuniary consideration, fully equivalent in value, for the territory desired by the United States, and to which Texas could justly assert any title. The Senate had been polled, and it was ascertained that any two of the Democratic Senators who were opposed to Brown's resolution, which had passed the House, could defeat it—the whole Whig party prefering annexation by negotiation, upon Col. Benton's plan, to that of Brown. While the question was thus pending, I met Mr. Brown, (late Senator of Tennessee, then a member of the House,) who suggested that the resolution of the House and the bill of Col. Benton, preferred by the Senate, might be blended, making the latter an alternative, and leaving the President elect (who alone would have time to consummate the measure) to act under one or the other, at his discretion. I told Mr. Brown that I did not believe that the Democratic Senators opposed to the resolution of the House, one who had its fate in their hands, would consent to this arrangement, unless they were satisfied in advance, by Mr. Polk, that the commission and negotiation contemplated in Col. Benton's plan would be tried, before that of direct legislative annexation was resorted to. He desired me to see Col. Benton, and the friends of his proposition, submit the suggestions he had made, and then confer with Mr. Polk, to know whether he would meet their views. I complied; and after several interviews with Messrs. Haywood, Dix Benton and others, (Mr. Allen of Ohio, using his influence in the same direction,) finding that the two plans could be coupled and carried if it were understood that the pacific project was first to be tried, I consulted the President elect upon the subject. In the conference I had with him, he gave me full assurance that he would appoint a commission, as contemplated in the bill prepared by Col. Benton, if passed in conjunction with the House resolution, as an alternative. In the course of my conversation with Mr. Polk, I told him that the friends of this plan were solicitous that the commission should be filled by distinguished men of both parties, and that Col. Benton had mentioned to me the names of Crittenden and Wright, as of the class from which it should be formed. Mr. Polk responded, by declaring with an emphasis, "that the first men of the country should fill the commission." I communicated the result of this interview to Messrs. Benton, Dix, Haywood, &c. The last two met, on appointment, to adapt the phraseology of Benton's bill, to suit as an alternative for the resolution of the House, and it was passed, after a very general understanding of the course which the measure was to take. Both Mr. Dix and Haywood told me they had interviews with Mr. Polk on the subject of the communication I had reported to them from him, and they were confirmed by his immediate assurance in pursuing the course which they had resolved on in consequence of my representation of his purpose in regard to the point on which their action depended. After the law was passed and Mr. Polk inaugurated, he applied to Gen. Dix (as I am informed by the later) to urge the Senate to action one of the suspended cabinet appointments, saying that he wished his administration organized immediately, as he intended the immediate recall of the messenger understood to have been dispatched by Mr. Tyler, and to *revoke* his orders, given in the last moments of his power, to thwart the design of Congress in affording him (Mr. Polk) the means of instituting a negotiation with a view of bringing Texas peaceably into the Union.

Your friend, E. P. BL

Foreign Correspondence.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

The Correspondent pities the editor, and treats of light matters—Visiters from Boston—Dublin Church-yards—Speculations in Cemetries, and how they originated—Cemetery at Glasnevin—Curran's remains—O'Connell's remains—O'Connell's Tomb and Coffin—A parenthesis in which the correspondent prophecies—An Irish tiempis to describe it, and fails—Cathedral of St. Patrick—Dean Swift—St. Patrick's well—The Saints way with the Kings, and the "Sovereigns" with Saints Zachary and Lewis compared—Tractableness of the American Visiters—An Excursion to Wicklow—Irish Elk—An Irish Lake—Irish brags—The Legend of Lugduff—A villain of a Saint—Gerald Griffin—The "Seven Churches"—The "Devil's Glen"—Takes leave of his visiters.

DUBLIN, July 14, 1848.

MY DEAR GAY:—In my great good nature and humanity, I pity you so for all the heavy Irish politics I have bored you with for some time past, that I have resolved for this present writing to turn to something more lightsome if not more lively.

About a week ago appeared a gentleman from Boston and a lady, his wife, bearing a letter from J. N. Bufum, recommending them to my good offices, and as James's requests in all such cases are equivalent to commands with me, I accordingly set myself to act as their Cicerone through our "beautiful city," as the Cork people always call Cork. I should say that they had seen a good deal of Dublin before I saw them. However, in their company I visited O'Connell' tomb, for the first time, in the Glasnevin Catholic Cemetery, about a mile outside the town on the north side. Until about 25 years ago, there were no *respectable* burying-grounds in cities or towns open to Catholic corpses, except the Parish church-yards, which, with the parish churches, had been appropriated by the State to the new State religion at the time of the Reformation. The funeral fees went into the Episcopal rector's pocket, and the usual funeral rites were not allowed to be performed by the Romish priest at the grave of a Romanist buried in those places. About that time, however, the majority, full of hope and vigour through the energy of O'Connell and the prospect of Emancipation, ventured to open burial grounds of their own, somewhat on the principle of a joint stock company. And, by the way, amidst the failure of Gas Companies, Assurance Companies, Railway Companies, Mining Campanies, and Companies for a heap of objects that you or I could not enumerate, I know of none that have stood more firm and paid better than the Cemetery Companies. Gas may fail, so may steam, and mining and railways, and every thing but death—that is sure. He who invests his money, depending for returns on the certainty of Death is a long-headed, prudent man, and is sure to win. He may die himself, to be sure, but still he gains the object of most who invest; if he happen to be out of the way, his children or his heirs get the money. Some of the most thoughtful, prudent, careful people I know, seem to be also the most disinterested. They save all they can, heap all they can, grasp all they can, keep all they can. They spend nothing. They act in the capacity of a hoard in the Mahomedan countries, of a bank in England, an investment in America, of an old stocking in an Irish cabin, and grateful posterity reaps the reward of their commendable self-denying industry.

This Glassnevin Cemetery—from which my pen has absconded so shamefully (in its foolish propensity to moralize)—is one of the largest, handsomest, and most successful of these speculations, founded on the double right to bury your body where you like, and to invest your money in the most likely way to yield a good return that I know of anywhere. It is, in fact, the Irish Metropolitan Catholic Mount Auburn. I say *Catholic*, for there is a Protestant Cemetery too. Everything in Ireland is pretty carefully—though not with perfect exclusiveness, classed into *Catholic* and *Protestant*. This distinction is much more real and extensive than that of Celtic and Saxon of which you have heard so much of late. The religious distinction is much more ingrained amongst us than any arising from difference of race. For one amongst us who can tell what difference there is between Celt and Saxon (I doubt if there be a man, woman or child in Ireland of pure descent from either of these ancient savages) there are a hundred who have decided notions as to the road he has selected to take towards heaven—or which is a much stronger impulse with most people—to get away from the other place. In order to set off their burial-ground as much as possible and to make it *attractive*, the trustees of Glassnevin have a sharp eye after the illustrious *dead*. The remains of Curran were exhumed from their "cold English grave," (as Byron calls it in one of the most vigorous of his pieces "The Irish Avatar") and transferred to a handsome monument in their grounds. It was said at the time of O'Connell's decease that they made great efforts to induce the selection of this place by his family for the resting place of their celebrated father. His tomb is the most prominent in the extensive grounds. It is surmounted with the O'Connell arms—We Irish are passionately fond of family antiquity, aristocracy, coats of arms, titles, and all the appliances of aristocracy. Not a nation under the sun are less republican by nature, whatever some fond enthusiasts may think. O'Connell's coffin, covered with crimson Genoa velvet and gold plating, may be seen through the open grating in front of the tomb on certain hours of every day gratis, and at other times by means of a silver key to one of the attendants.

From what I have heard of the difference between the ways of your country and ours, I think this perpetual craving for money at every hand's turn, where there is a gate to open, the way to be shown, or anything to be seen in Great Britain and Ireland, must be extremely offensive to an American, as it is no matter of congratulation to ourselves. It is likely enough that when that glorious time comes round to which many American patriots look forward, when the whole continent, from Cape Horn to the North Pole, and from Cape Farewell to Oregon, shall be all united in one Federal Republic, swarming as thickly with free and enlightened citizens as motes in the sunbeam, or as Ireland is with paupers, (with quantum suff. of slaves to form an adequate corner-stone for so vast a Republican edifice) then we shall see—no—neither you nor I, but delighted and proud posterity shall see—little boys at Trenton Falls and the Mammoth Cave, and Mount Washington, and Niagara, and Saratoga, tumbling head over heels for "your honour's" amusement in hopes of a cent—or grown men running for a mile together after "your honour's" carriage, hoping to be engaged as "your honour's" guides—for whatever "your honour" pleases to give—and telling you that you are "no gentleman" if you don't give them as much as they please to get. The land too, being all taken up, the people treading on each other's heels, and beggars in abundance, want, meanness, and servility will be found on all hands, and it will be discovered that no quantity of Republican Institutions with ever so much Slavery for its corner-stone, will keep the majority of a people so circumstanced from being restive, wretched, and miserly. But hold—I must keep out of these miserable politics.

Then we went—that is my American friends and I—it is a long time since I mentioned them, so you may have forgotten them—we next took a jaunt through th town from end to end, and round and round, seated on an Irish car. Do you know an Irish car? It is pleasant to sit upon—pleasant to jaunt in—mighty easy and agreeable for a country excursion, where there is much getting off off and on—but difficult to describe. I never saw a description of one that would give one an idea of it, if I had not seen one before. I shall therefore probably succeed no better in *instructing* you. Well, then—an Irish car is—I do n't know what head I shall make of it.—Now I have tried and I am sure I can't. It is like nothing in nature but an Irish car. Come over here and I will have great pleasure in showing you one.

Amongst other things, we visited the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, one of the oldest buildings in Dublin, which is now chiefly celebrated as containing the tomb of Jonathan Swift, commonly called Dean Swift, the author of Gulliver's Travels, one of the ablest and most original writers and most remarkable men that ever lived. About 120 years ago he was the great popular patriot of Ireland. Indeed his popularity was never exceeded by any other man in Ireland except O'Connell. His celebrity is greatly marred in the estimation of posterity by his gross selfishness and cruelty to two accomplished women whose affections he had won; and it is now believed that his patriotism was not of the purest stamp—that it arose rather from the spite of a baffled place-hunter than from any genuine sympathy for the country or the people. The sexton showed us a stone that covered St. Patriek's well, a spring of the finest water, which is said by tradition to be the identical spring where our Patron Saint baptized the feet of the Irish kings. In the good old times, the saints began by converting the kings. When the Shepherd was won over, the flock were obliged to follow. Precisely as you do in your preparations for a nomination to the Presidency in this very year of grace. When the caucus makes its selection, the obedient Whig or Democrat votes as he is bid. Human nature is alike in all ages, and its manifestations are substantially the same. The devotion of the ancient convert to his new faith was certainly not more hearty and thoroughgoing then than that of the independent, high-minded American of the present day to the idol of his adoption, whether it rejoice in the name of Zachary or Cass.

From the tower of this church the best view of Dublin is to be had—but as is common, the cloud of smoke and mist over the city was so great that in some directions but little was to be seen. To be sure the day was particularly murky. However the bird's eye view of the large city with all its towers and spires, and the mountains, the sea, and the green fields in the distance, was interesting to my companions who seemed well disposed to be pleased with the novelty of all they saw. They were both veteran travellers on your side of the Atlantic, having visited British America and all the States of the Union with two exceptions. After an evening spent in investigations of this kind, we agreed to make up a party to the neighbouring county of Wicklow, which lies immediately South of Dublin, and is greatly visited by lovers of the pieturesque. I have had "considerable" experience of American visiters, but these were the only samples of Yankeedom I have ever met with, who, coming for the avowed purpose of seeing Ireland, did not satisfy themselves with "clearing" the island at a hop, skip, and jump—if, indeed, they condescended to do more than land in Dublin in the morning, and leave it in the evening. The gentleman had retired from business, apparently with a long purse—the lady has taste—both like to see what is to be seen—and accordingly they do not seem disposed to slur matters as others make a point of (Yankee) conscience—to do. For our Wicklow excursion of two days, we of course hired a car—(the indescribable Irish car above vainly attempted)—and for the hour the charge was about three dollars and a half per day, with what your honour pleases for the driver, who was remarkably civil, and knew almost nothing; unlike most Irish drivers who, however little they know, pretend to know everything. Some say this affectation is not peculiar to Irish *Johns* and that it is one of our national weaknesses to be exceedingly averse to a confession of ignorance on any subject whatever. Next morning we left Dublin together and passed through the Scalp, a vast fissure or rocky pass through the mountains, and the village of Enniskerry, to the Dargle, a beautiful wooded glen with delicious glimpses of woodland and mountain scenery, about 12 miles from Dublin. Here our changeful climate turned against us, and though the morning was bright and sunny, the sky became rapidly overcast, and we had a tremendous rain which drove us under a cliff for shelter; and when the shower abated and we made our way back to the car which we had left for a while on our visit to the Dargle, we held a council, and it seemed wiser to turn back to Dublin. However, we did not go back—we took a road which went neither backwards nor forwards, and by the time that we got to the end of it, the day had so far recovered its good looks that we determined to proceed with our excursion.

I should tell you that at Kitternan, about 8 miles from Dublin, we turned off the main road to visit an acquaintance of mine, who, while making or widening a mill race some months ago, discovered at a considerable depth beneath the blue marle, and in the midst of a vegetable deposit, a vast quantity of the bones and horns of the Fossil Irish Elk, or Moose deer—a huge creature, of which no existing history or tradition makes any mention, and which, I am told, is never found in Great Britain. The horns are sometimes found of vast expanse—ten or twelve feet from tip to tip—and one of them we saw was nearly two feet in breadth at the the widest part. In the Museum of the Dublin Society is a skeleton of this animal, which, when clad in flesh and blood, and bound in a good hide, must have been one of the stateliest creatures in existence.

From the Dargle, we proceeded to Luggelaw—a gem of beauty in the wilderness. It consists of a lake or mountain tarn, with a wooded hill on one side, and a lofty cliff or precipice many hundred feet high, black, splintered, and jagged, on the other. You would call the lake a *pond*—I have have heard it called "the most gentlemanly lake" in the county of Wicklow. It is perhaps two miles in circumference, and I frankly admit is not to be compared for one moment with Lake Superior, or, indeed, any of the great Lakes that send their waters tumbling down Niagara. But with the stubbornness of an incorrup tible patriot, I will mention that neither one or all of them would make so fine a picture in a book of illustrations.

Every nation boasts in its secret soul about something or other. In Ireland we think our grass is greener than anybody's else: we used to say our potatoes were finer; I am told there is no such ivy to be seen elsewhere. Our bogs are tremendous. And many a man who trots on them feels the proud consciousness that beneath his ragged coat throbs a heart that has descended from kings, who cut throats and peeled their vassals long ages before anybody cared a pinch of snuff about your ancestors or mine. I have read of one of the O'Neils—an Irish Earl in the reign of Elizabeth—who remarked when the four hundred-year old ancestry of an English Lord Deputy was mentioned in his presence, that he would not allow his shoes to be cleaned by a man who had not a longer pedigree.

It was quite a pleasure to be the companion of travellers who had seen and observed so much in a country so vast and various as the United States. Here nearly everything was new to them—the trees, the wild flowers, the ordinary vegetation; the houses, the costume, the manners of the people; the length of our summer days, and the uncertainty of our variable climate—now sunshine—now showers. Through the greater part of the day the clouds were weeping—and we were finely sopped with the tears. When Garrison was in these countries a few years ago I think we had only two or three days without rain in the course of six weeks. I have been informed that the quantity of rain that falls in July is sometimes greater than in any other month in our year.

At last we reached the end of our day's journey at Glendalough, or the Seven Churches, one of the most interesting spots in Areland to the anti-quarian. This place is a glen or hollow in the bosom of dark mountains of no great elevation (probably not more than 2,300 feet,) but of highly picturesque outline.—Glen-da-lough means "The Glen of the two Lakes."—One of these lakes is so small that even I will not claim any higher title than that of a pond for it. The larger is about a mile in length and perhaps something more than a quarter of a mile wide. In the face of Lugduff, a mountain that impends over its waters, is a cliff, and in the side of this cliff is a small cave which may be reached by a difficult path from above, or by climbing from a boat from beneath. This cave is famous in ancient legends as the spot in which St. Kevin took refuge from the pursuit of Kathleen, a chieftain's daughter of great beauty by whom he was beloved. On one occasion, when awaking from sleep in the cave, he found her watching by him; and in a moment of terror for his soul, or anger against her dangerous affection, he "hurled her from the beetling rock"—and she perished in the water. The Saint (who of course continued just as much a Saint as ever) had nevertheless the grace to lament his rash act most bitterly, and from that time to the present "the skylark never warbles o'er" the fatal valley.—One of the most beautiful of Moore's Irish melodies, and an exquisite poem by the late gifted Gerald Griffin is founded on this story. That poem is called "Kathleen and Kevin," and is one of the sweetest, most melodious and most tender in the language. I do not know whether the name of Griffin is as well known in America as it deserves to be, and as it is sure to be as time flies past. As a novelist, a poet, and a painter (with the pen) of Irish character he is one of whom Ireland may be proud. As a man his disposition was most amiable, and his character irreproachable. His temperament was thoroughly of the poetical stamp, and being of a devout turn of mind, and a most sincere and ardent Roman Catholic, he ended his days, w hile yet a young man, as the inmate of a monastery. I consider it to be one of my small mishaps that I happened to be from home when he called to see me, at the request of a mutually valued friend, many years ago. If you will take the trouble to read his powerful and admirable tale "The Collegians" or any of his deliciously pure and beautiful poems, you will, I think, admit that I have not exaggerated his praises. When very young he was thrown upon London as a penniless literateur, and a hard struggle he had with want and hunger in that vast metropolis, before he was able by perseverance, and the exhibition of his unbounded powers as a writer, to assert his just place in the world of letters. Many of the most celebrated spots in the county of Wicklow are consecrated by the mention made of them in Griffin's poem of Kathleen and Kevin. It is wonderful what power the poet's is that can give double beauty and interest to the most exquisite beauties of Nature or Art, by a well turned line, or an appropriate and striking epithet—that sticks to the memory when everything else disappears.

The Seven Churches are the relics of very ancient religious buildings. Anterior to the invasion of Ireland by the Northmen in the 8th and 9th centuries, this Glendalough is believed to have been the cite of an ancient city, and the abode and asylum of learning when driven from nearly all the rest of Europe. The city has left no traces except the ruins of these old churches which are extremely interesting relics of distant ages. They have all the appearance of extreme antiquity. In the midst of some of them grow up huge oak trees many hundred years old. They are covered with ivy, and one of them only—called St. Kevin's Kitchen—is roofed. This roof is formed of stones; it is very narrow and conical, ending in a sharp ridge, and is built in a style of which only a few samples remain, and all of that very early age. Ever so many relics of St. Kevin are shown here, with legends connected with them that I have no time to tell you. It is sufficient to say that they are to the last degree absurd and superstitious.—Amidst the ruins is a fine specimen of the Round Tower, a lofty cylindrical building about 80 feet high and perhaps 15 in diameter. There are upwards of a hundred of their style to be found in various parts of Ireland, in a greater or lesser state of perfection, and although much has been well and learnedly written as to the age and object of their erection, there is, in point of fact, as little known about them as of the Egyptian pyramids. The loftiest of these towers, that at "Kildare's holy Shrine" about 25 miles from Dublin, is 120 feet high. We were followed by guides at Glendalough and had to engage one and to pay two, for if we had not done so they would have plagued our lives out. As it happened they were very amusing, civil and helpful. I could not tell you half the things they told nor give you the least idea of how much we laughed at their stories, and our own superior wisdom, and enlightenment, as we listened to them in the full blaze of the nineteenth century, while Parisians massacre one another by whole hecatombs, and Governor McDuffie declares, while all South Carolina believes him, that Slavery is the only true corner stone of any republican edifice.

The following day we visited the Devil's Glen. Dont start. We did not see him there. This is one of the most charming and delicious spots in the country. It is a most romantic and beautiful, wooded and rocky glen, with a stream winding through it—a locked gate at each end and another in the middle. This is the way some of our gentry near Dublin block up the beauties of nature from their fellow citizens, keeping the very poor out entirely and extracting money from the rest for the maintenance of their dependents whom they appoint as gate keepers, and contrive thus shabbily to support them at the public expense. From hence we proceeded to Wicklow and thence to Dublin along one of the most highly cultivated and beautiful countries to be seen in these Kingdoms.—My friends have since set off on an extended tour round Ireland, and if they spend the whole of their time with as much pleasure as they seemed to enjoy in the county of Wicklow they are indeed an enviable pair. They are amongst the few Americans I have had an opportunity of associating with who made no profession of abolitionism; yet their incidental and informal testimony as to the evils of Slavery was the same as all that I had previously read or collected; whilst their account of slaveholding hospitality, which I had always supposed to be one of the few lights on the dark Rembrant picture of the slaveholder's character, was much less attractive and complimentary than even I had supposed it to be. It is well to meet with people of all classes, since by a varied association we are much less likely to become exclusive in our feelings, and bigoted and one-sided in our opinions, than would otherwise be inevitable.

In great haste, I remain yours truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

Notes on New Books.

THE TREATMENT OF THE SMALL POX, MEASLES, SCARLET FEVER &c. &c., *by the Water Cure and Homœopathy. Adapted for the use of Families. By Dr. William Macleod, Manchester, London, and Edinburg.*

We are indebted to a friend in England for a copy of this valuable little work, the only one, that we know of that treats of the new medical systems of Homœopathy and Hydropathy as compatible with, and necessary to each other. So far as we are acquainted with the disciples of the two schools, we have generally found them opposed to the practice, or incredulous to the principles of that to which they do not belong; butDr. Macleod,s book, we think, can hardly fail to convince both parties that each may find in the system of the other much that is valuable in curative science. The Hydropath, at least, cannot object to the quantity of drugs administered by the Homœopath, and the latter will find that the great principle on which he proceeds in the application of his rule *similia similibus curantur* is precisely that which governs the former. Each trusts, after all, to the recuperative power of nature, and aims simply to assist her.

Dr. Macleods book, as far as it goes, is complete. As the diseases it treats of are chiefly those which are produced upon the surface of the body, such as Eruptive Fevers, Small Pox, and Measles, it commences with an essay upon the anatomy and phisiolology of the skin, written in a clear style, without too much technicality, and adapted to the general reader. Beside these, however, it treats of Croup, Hooping-Cough, and Quinsy.—It gives a lucid description of the causes, symptoms, and character of each disease, and the method of treatment Allopathically, Hydropathically and Homœopathically, pointing out at the same time what he conceives to be the errors of the first, and the advantages of the last.—The author does not profess to make every man his own physician, in all cases, but gives such directions, and in so rational a manner, that any parent of good judgment, may, in the absence of other medical advice, treat successfully the milder forms of the various diseases he describes. For such a purpose it is of great value, and some of our booksellers could hardly do the public a better service than to republish it in this country.

A LETTER TO RIGHT REVEREND L. SILLIMAN IVES, BISHOP &c. BY WILLIAM JAY.

William Harned, John St. has published a third edition of this admirable letter, which we noticed, at length, on its first appearance. It is neatly printed, and is worthy of perservation.

FACTS IN THE LIFE OF GENERAL TAYLOR &c. BY CHARLES STEARNS. *Boston Published by the author. For sale by Bela Marsh, 21 Cornhill.*

Mr. Stearns has given us a well-written pamphlet upon the character of Gen. Taylor, and that of the party which has nominated him for the Presidency. He has made the most of the only facts that the Whigs have to justify them in their nomination—viz.; that the Cuban blood-hounds used in the Florida War were imported at the suggestion of General Taylor; that he struck the first blow in the crusade in behalf of Slavery into Mexico; and that he is the owner of some hundreds of slaves. He might have added that the other known qualification of General Taylor, for the high station for which he is destined, is that he has never yet produced an intelligible letter, to which may be added another—that he cannot read one. As a large number of letters directed to Baton Rouge have been transmitted to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, because the postage had not been pre-paid, it would seem that a letter is to him nothing but a piece of paper designed to added five or ten cents to the revenue of the Government. We hope, however, that Mr. Stearns' "Facts," may be widely circulated, and the people learn—if there are any so ignorant—how accustomed to the slave whip and leash, is the hand which, it is hoped, will grasp the helm of the Ship of State.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

THREE DAYS

LATER FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the Europa.

The Cunard steamer *Europa* arrived at Boston on Thursay morning last, having left Liverpool on the 15th ultimo. She brings only three days later intelligence, and that of little moment.

ENGLAND.—The Chartists who we mentioned last week had been tried and found guilty, have been sentenced, each to ten years' imprisonment, and to give security for good behaviour afterward.

The proposed Royal visit to Ireland this Summer has been abandoned.

IRELAND.—Some new arrests of the "Patriots" connected with the most violent of the newspapers have been made, and have caused, in some instances, considerable excitement At the arrest of Mr. Meagher, a collision between the troops and police, and the people was apprehended, and the incipient *émeute* quelled with some difficulty through the intervention of the prisoner and his friends. On the whole the accounts from Ireland do not vary much from those previously received. The formation of clubs, and the arming of the people, are reported as going on with increased activity and enthusiasm

FRANCE.—The correspondent of the *London Globe* reports that another attempt at revolution was to have been made on the 14th. The Government, however, has officially declared that the fears that were entertained by the people of an insurrection were groundless. At the latest dates Paris remained tranquil. General Cavaignac still holds the city under military rule, and his energy commands the admiration of the friends of order, and the respect of all parties. An army of 120,000 men is held ready to act at a moments notice. The clubs are closed, the system of exciting the populace by placards is put a stop to, and no newspaper is permitted to be printed unless the sum of 100,000f. is first placed in the hands of the Government as security On the other hand an eye-witness writes from Paris to a London paper:

We have many thousand exasperated fanatics swarming in every part of the city, who imagine murder and assassination a merit, mingled with whom are thousands of liberated convicts, and other individuals of the worst and basest kind. There are now nearly 15,000 insurgent prisoners distributed through the prisons and "maisons d'arrêt" of the Capital, but more especially in the detached forts with which Paris is surrounded. The environs of these detached forts abound with insurgents lying in ambuscade, who omit no opportunity of firing upon all parties who communicate with these prisons, and not a day or night passes that lives are not taken in this way. Six National Guards are now lying dead, assassinated at Romainville. Even the streets of the Capital cannot be said to be safe; one cannot walk through them without feeling that one is at the mercy of the insurgent assassin. Meanwhile, even the arbitrary power with which the Executive is invested is insufficient to repress the audacious attempts of journals of Socialism and the Red Republic. The recent open attacks on every principle of order, and on the Assembly itself, the result of universal suffrage, and the most barefaced apologies for the atrocities of the late insurrection, appear daily in the columns of *La Réforme, Le Peuple Constituant* and *Le Representant du Peuple.*

The investigation by the Commissioners appointed by the Government is still pursued with great activity. M. Arago is said to have impeached, in his examination, several magistrates, as having encouraged the insurrections both of May and June. Major Constantine, one of the Commissioners of Investigation, was charged by a prisoner, as having appeared at the barricades, and encouraged the insurgents, and that he was to be appointed Minister of War, in case of success. He was immediately arrested. The number of prisoners already arrested amounts to 16,000, and among them and the dead, many more of the Legitimist party have been discovered. Important facts are supposed to have been discovered by the Commissioners, and the papers are full of conjectures, on which, however, little reliance can be placed.

The *Universe* states that the insurgents are to be transported to Guiana or the Marquesas Islands.

The funerals of the Arch-bishop of Paris, Chateaubriand, and the slain have been celebrated with great pomp. By the closing of the National workshops twenty-five thousand women are supposed to have been thrown out of employment. The correspondent of the *London News* has been assured, on good authority, that Lamartine has not, for a moment, entertained the idea of travelling in the East. He is still in his place in the Assembly, and has made a long and effective speech in the Committee on Foreign Affairs, against a proposition to interfere in the affairs of Italy. Robert Owen has published in the *Populaire* the following characteristic letter in reply to an observation in the Assembly, of M. Thiers, that he knew of no means of ensuring work for those in want o and that it was the duty of any one who did to make it known:

I accept the offer. I assert that it is possible to assure constant and useful employment to all the workmen, not of France merely, but of Europe!—not only for some ages, but for the duration of the world. I assert farther, that people thus employed will be infinitely easier to govern than they are at present; indeed, if no new system be adopted, I defy any one's governing them long. I ask to be permitted to treat this subject in all its bearings (*à fond.*) in the bureau over which M. Thiers presides, and afterward before the whole National Assembly.

ROBERT OWEN.

5 Rue de la Convention, au Rue du Dauphin.

The discussions on the proposed Constitution have been continued in the bureaux. It has been decided that the Presidents salary should be 600,000f. but the term of office is not yet fixed. No search-warrant is to be executed in the house of a representative without the authority of the Assembly. Attempts are making to restore trade. By an exposé read by the Mayor at a meeting of the Provisional Commissioners of the Council of Paris, it appears that in consequence of the late Revolution there is a decline of one-third to one-half on all descriptions of property in the city. The Government has over-drawn its account at the Bank of France to the extent of 300,000f.

GERMANY.—The Arch-duke John has accepted the office of Regent at Vienna, and the Arch-duke Stephen, is invested with the same powers over Hungary, and the neighbouring dependencies. The Prince of Saxony has resigned the crown and Saxony has joined the Germanic Union.

ITALY.—There seems little hope of peace in Italy at present. A demonstration in favour of Charles Albert has taken place at Venice, and the incorporation of Venice with Piedmont and Lombardy is considered as accomplished in obedience to the popular will.

NAPLES is represented as in a deplorable condition. The shops are closed, the people have shut themselves in, and barricaded their houses, and travel on the railways, and the passing of carriages suspended. The Chambers were opened on Saturday the 1st of July, by a Royal speech, which was received in silence, and on the following Monday, when the Chambers met, a quorum could not be procured to proceed to business.

IN SICILY the Parliament is engaged in discussing the form of Government, and the choice of a King.

SPAIN.—A rising has taken place among the Carlists, but they have been defeated in an action which lasted six hours under Cabrera. A Carlist General, Alzaa, was taken prisoner and shot on the 3d.

DENMARK.—An armistice for three months has been concluded between Denmark and Prussia.

To Correspondents.

J. C. S. Whether such an obstruction can be removed depends upon its character, but they frequently are with certain success. If he will come to this city we will put him in the way of getting the best advice.

J. G. His explanation is satisfactory. The P. M. had ordered the discontinuance of the p aper sent to s. c. but had not explained the mistake. The irregularity in receiving your paper is owing entirely to the P. O. Department.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Miscellany:* Charles Lamb; The Sense of Pain; Indian Horsemanship; Condition of Literature in Goldsmith's Time; A Thoroughly Respectable Man; The way to keep a Secret; The French Newspapers; Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections:* Mr. Corwin's Speech.

SECOND PAGE.—Conclusion of Mr. Corwin's Speech, &c., &c.

Married.

On Saturday, July 29, by Rev. Geo. Bush, THOMAS L. NICHOLS to MRS. MARY'S GOVE, all of this city.

In Boston, July 29, REUBEN RICHARDS, Esq, to LOUISA B. daughter of John Odin, Esq. both of that city.

On the 25th July, by Rev. E. F. Hatfield, CHARLES F. HOFFMAN to MARGARET M. TRUCK, all of this city.

In the Church of St. Clement Danes, London, England July 5, by the Rev. J. Markwell, M. A. Dr. HENRY W. WILLIAMS, of Boston, U. S. to MISS ELIZABETH, only daughter of the late Henry Tombs Dewe, Esq, of London.

Died.

On Saturday last, very suddenly, at the United States Hotel in Boston, Hon. NATHANIEL MORTON DAVIS, of Plymouth, aged 63.

On Monday night, July 31, at the residence of her husband, near Tarrytown, HELEN LISPENARD, wife of James Watson Webb, and daughter of the late Alexander L. Stewart.

NOTICES.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR OF 1848

Demands of all the friends of the slave in this region, prompt and vigorous efforts in its preparation. We know some of them, both in town and country, have long been busily at work in its behalf. So well is it understood and felt, that the Fair belongs to Pennsylvania Abolitionists generally, that our Annual summons to the work seems scarcely needed, and almost a form. But we issue it as a word of remembrance to the interested, and to arouse the lethargic—and to announce—at this important crisis—to an increasingly sympathizing community, an opportunity to labour for the cause. We invite the co-operation of every heart that loves the slave, and would prove its love by its deeds.

To our numerous fellow-labourers in city and country it cannot be unnecessary to speak on the subject of the best manner of preparing for the Fair. In such preparation they are well skilled. To those to whom the work may be new we say, all pretty or marketable commodities will be valuable.

To *all* we say, make the slave's cause your own, if possible, and give liberally as God hath given you.

SARAH PUGH,	ESTHER RECKLESS,
A. MATILDA CASSEY,	MARIA M. DAVIS,
ANNA M. HOPPER.	ELIZABETH GAY,
JANETTE JACKSON,	HANNAH W. HAYDOCK.
MARGARET A. GRISCOM,	ELIZABETH DAVIS,
MARY GREW.	EMMA PARKER,
MARGARET JONES,	GERTRUDE K. BURLEIGH,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,	EMILY A. WINSLOW.
MARY T. STICKNEY,	CLEMENTINE G. RUBY,
SARAH A. T. KINN.	MARTHA CARMIN.
THERESA H. HALLOWELL.	SARAH T. CHILD.
HULDA JUSTICE.	ANNA M. CHILD.
ELIZABETH CARMAN.	MARY SHAW.
HARRIET D. PURVIS.	MARGARET FORTEN.
PRISCILLA LUKENS.	ESTHER HOGELAND.
SARAH M. DOUGLASS.	ESTHER BURR.

ELIZABETH CLENDENEN.

Committee of Arrangements.

CONVENTION AT WORCESTER SOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.

Uxbridge—Saturday evening and Sunday, August 5 and 6.

This Convention will be attended by ADIN BALLOU, STEPHEN S. and ABBEY K. FOSTER, and JOHN S. JACOBS, (once a slave in North Carolina.)

ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE E. P. ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of this Society will be held in the Baptist Church, in Norristown, commencing on Wednesday, the 9th day of August, and will probably continue during the next two days. To say to Pennsylvania Abolitionists, that this Meeting is an important occasion to our enterprize, is wholly unnecessary. Past experience has demonstrated this. We have only to urge upon them the duty of a punctual attendance upon its sessions. W. W. Brown, the well known and eloquent advocate of the slave's cause, and other friends from abroad, are expected to be present. But the attraction of the meeting, which we hope will bring together large numbers of our friends, is *the wants of the cause*, the importance of our enterprize; not to hear eloquent lips, or to meet distinguished strangers, but to deliberate and devise plans of action by which we may all work more effectively for the cause during the ensuing year; to strengthen our own and one another's hearts and hands. Business of importance, which should interest every member of the Society will be transacted at the meeting, and we trust that none of the friends of the cause will permit a trifling reason to prevent their attendance.

JAMES MOTT, Chairman.

HAWORTH WETHERALD, Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The sixth Annual Meeting of the WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held at Salem, Columbiana county, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 16th, 17th, and 18th of August, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

Let a full representation of the slaves' friends come up on this occasion from all parts of the Great West. The political leaders are marshalling their hosts for a conflict. their followers are rallying by hundreds of thousands to the support of their party banners. Time and money and labour are expended to secure their object. And shall the friends of Freedom, whose faith should be strong in the power of Truth, be lukewarm and indifferent while politicians are so earnest in their labours, so untiring in their zeal? The events of the past year should encourage us to renewed effort, for every movement of importance which has been made, having a bearing upon the question of Slavery, foreshadows the destruction of the system, and the oppressors feel that it is so. The political parties will make a desperate effort to save themselves from the destruction their corruption has brought upon them; and the efforts of the Abolitionists to maintain and enforce the Right should be proportionally great. Arrangements should be made at the coming meeting to continue the Anti Slavery agitation by the lips of the living speaker, and to extend more widely the circulation of the Society's paper the Anti Slavery Bugle. Let none of the friends who can be there, absent themselves for any light cause, for the presence of all, and the counsel of all is desirable.

Besides the friends of Liberty in the West who will be present on the occasion, HENRY C. WRIGHT and C. C. BURLEIGH, are expected to be in attendance and perhaps other representatives of the East.

LOT HOLMES,
Recording Secretary.

FIFTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The undersigned, earnestly desiring the abolition of Slavery, have been led, by the strength of their wish, carefully to consider what means may be found sufficient for the accomplishment of this great and holy object. They find that Slavery exists through the selfishness, the ignorance, the cowardice, the hypocrisy of the people. If the nation could be made more conscientious, disinterested, courageous, enlightened, and true to its own political and religious principles, the work were done. Until enough nobility of spirit can be awakened in the land to make the clergyman, the farmer, the lawyer, the mechanic, the merchant and the politician, willing to renounce their hopes of worldly success, and see their respective careers of individual advancement closed up, apparently forever, by their allegiance to Freedom;—to make the women of the land feel themselves disgraced by their indifference to such a cause as this;—to make the Christians and citizens of the land willing to bear the suffering and odium consequent upon an adherence to the right against law and custom:—until this can be accomplished, the Southern slaveholders are upheld in their sin by the powerful support of Christian fellowship, social sanction, and civil participation.

We determine, therefore, to strike at once at the root of Slavery, by appealing to the hearts and consciences of men and withdrawing their allegiance from such shameful cruelty and wrong, by the continual presentation of the paramount claims of Freedom and Humanity. Union being strength, that fact decides us to co-operate with any whose principles prove them to be trustworthy; who make the abolition of Slavery their primary object; and who, in addition to their honesty of purpose, have sense and sagacity enough to make them safe coadjutors, by securing them from becoming the prey of the selfish set of hypocritical adventurers that every moral revolution calls forth. We find such a sufficient and trustworthy body nowhere but in the American Anti Slavery Society. Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practical workings, assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have exercised a controlling influence for good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party: and, speaking as it does from a height above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasting truth are heard, and more and more obeyed. While calling on all to unite with it, it has ever, by the energy and rectitude of its progress, been free without license, and elective without invidiousness. It is not too much to say in its praise, that its cause and its course repel all but the wise, the good, and the bold from active co-operation with it. and brand with dishonour the hand that approaches it to make it the instrument of any selfish purpose. It has no local attachments, no partizan or sectarian partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose; while, at the same time, every observer notices how happily its labours prepare the way for every good work: for, though specific in its object, its great principle of *immediate individual reform*, without awaiting the gradualisms of party politics, legislative action, and judicial decision, is one of universal application.

This, therefore, is the mode of operation which commends itself to our reason and feelings. The agents and friends which such an association of necessity draws forth, are the ones that we wish to sustain. The periodicals that such an association employs are the ones that we wish to circulate. In the councils of such a body where all persons have equal rights of membership, the *whole* collective energy and judgment are constantly in use, and the chances and means of success consequently doubled.

Hence we find it to be our duty, in preparing for the FIFTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI SLAVERY BAZAAR, to commence in FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, on Thursday, DECEMBER 21st, to devote the funds then raised, to sustain the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, in its sacred work of moral agitation and revolution in behalf of the enslaved, and confidently appeal to all good hearts EVERYWHERE, in aid of so noble an enterprise.

M. W. Chapman,	*Sarah B. Shaw,*
Ann T. G. Phillips,	*Mary G. Chapman,*
Helen E. Garrison,	*Caroline Weston,*
Mary May,	*Susan C. Cabot,*
Eliza Lee Follen,	*Henrietta Sargent,*
Sarah S. Russell,	*Hannah Tufts,*
Louiza Loring,	*Eliza F. Merinm,*
Mary Young,	*Caroline F. Williams,*
Mary Wiley,	*Evelina S. A. Smith,*
Anne Warren Weston,	*Sarah H. Southwick,*
Maria Lowell,	*Ann R. Bramhall,*
Francis Mary Robbins,	*Harriet T. White,*
Lydia Parker,	*Abby Francis,*
Harriet B. Holl,	*Abby Southwick,*

Miscellany.

CHARLES LAMB.

As a humorist, Lamb takes a high place. His humor was essentially his own—the quaint, ludicrous expression of his own strange nature. It is not necessary to refer to his works in illustration, because his letters teem with it. Here is a passage we just stumbled on in a letter to Bernard Barton, in which the humors runs riot:

"I have not a thing to say, nothing is of more importance than another; I am *flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge D.'s wig, when the head is in it;* duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher—an O! I acknowledge life at all, only by an occasional convulsional cough, and a permanent phelgmatic pain in the chest. I am weary of the world, and the world is weary of me. My day is gone into twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles. My wick hath a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it. I inhale suffocation; I can't distinguish veal from mutton; nothing interests me. 'Tis 12 o'clock, and Thurtell is just now coming out upon the New Drop, Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality, yet cannot I elicit a groan or a moral reflection. If you told me the world would be at an end to-morrow, I should just say, 'Will it?' I have not *volition enough left to dot my i's*, much less to comb my eyebrows; my eyes are set in my head; my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they'd come back again; my skull is a Grub-street attic to let—not so much as a joint stool left in it; my hand writes, not I; *just as chickens run about a little, when their heads are off.* O for a vigorous fit of gout, of colic, toothache! an earwig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs; pain is life—the sharper, the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this death! Did you ever have an obstinate cold—a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience and every-thing? Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff in unsparing quantities, but they all only seem to make me worse instead of better. *I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good;* I come home late o'nights, *but do not fine any visible amendment!*"

The passages to which we have given the emphasis of italics are in the richest style of Lamb's quiet humor—a twinkling laugh peering through the sober gravity of style. Of his grave humor, there is an example in his letters which inexpressibly delights us. It is where, speaking of the Persian ambassador, who was then in London, the great "lion" of the day, he says:—"I sent some people to see him worship the sun on Primrose hill, at half-past six in the morning, 28th November; but he did not come, which makes me think the old fire-worshippers are almost extinct in Persia." The splendid hoax of sending people out, on a dull, foggy November morning, to see the Persian worship the sun, and the droll seriousness of the conclusion he draws respecting the extinction of the race of fire-worshippers, are irresistibly ludicrous. Lamb did not jest merely with his intellect—his whole heart was in the joke. His perception of the ludicrous was not purely an intellectual perception, but carried with it the whole of his feelings. Thus, when his farce was hissed at Drury Lane, he joined in the hiss, and was among the loudest; and it was always a standing joke with him ever afterward. He congratulated himself upon the fact of being free of the house, though the house had been pretty free with him.

"Hang 'em!" he wrote, "how they hissed. It was not a hiss neither, it was a sort of frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring something like bears, mows and mops, like apes, sometimes snakes that hissed me into madness. 'Twas like St. Anthony's temptations. Mercy on us! that God should give his favorite children mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to praise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely, to sing with, to drink, with, and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyænas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic-poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labours of their fellow-creatures desirous to please them."

It was the same thorough-going enjoyment of a joke which made him submit to have his personal identity merged into that of the persecuted Guy Fawkes. One evening—it was the 5th of November—he was with some old friends, who, particularly struck with the large flapping brim of his round hat, pinned up the sides. Lamb made no objection, but stuck it on his head, and sauntered towards his home in the Temple. On his way, he was met by a party of young men, "flushed with insolence and wine," who exclaimed, "A Guy! a veritable Guy! no man of straw!" and making a chair of their hands, carried him in triumph into St. Paul's church-yard, where they seated him on a post and left him, there to await the fagots of traditionary patriotism and juvenile anti-catholicism. Lamb quietly enjoyed the proceedings. It was an *historical* joke; it threw him, by a humorous indentification, back into the past he loved so well, and he always told the story with immense relish.

There was not only heart in Lamb's wit, there was also imagination; and hence its exquisite perfection. The wits and word-catchers of the present day are, unhappily, too *mechanical* in their efforts; they bring together ideas remote enough to raise a laugh by the suddenness of the collision; but these ideas have only remoteness as the primary quality for wit, and the juxtaposition is a mechanical process. Sydney Smith's famous witticisms have almost always some exquisite flavor of imagination or sterling wisdom, beyond the mere felicity of expression and juxtaposition of antagonistic ideas. Thus, descanting on the prodigies of railway travelling, he said: "The early Scotchman, scratching himself in the mist of his mountain tops, may that very afternoon dine in Pall Mall." There is a fine pictorial feeling in this joke which gives it an immense value: had he merely said: "The Scotchman scratching himself in the morning may dine in London that very afternoon," what a poor joke it would have been! One of Lamb's most imaginative touches of humor is where deploring that being no longer a clerk, he has no gratis pens and paper. The comparison of his banishment from the plenty of the India House with that of Adam from paradise—the ludicrous assimilation of ideas connected with Adam and the apple-stall "in Mesopotamia," are so wonderfully represented, that we scarcely know of any witticism to surpass it, while the delicate manner in which any irreverence is avoided has made even strict persons enjoy its humor without misgivings. It would have made Sydney Smith roll with delight. Since his name has again been mentioned, let us notice Lamb's anticipation of the famous joke which Sydney Smith made to the Bishop of New Zealand, with respect to the civilities he would receive from his new parishioners, who would offer him luncheon, adding, "there is *cold clergyman on the side board*!" Lamb, dissuading Manning from going to China, adds: Some say they are cannibals—and then conceive a Tartar fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! * * * 'Tis terrible to be *weighed out at five pence the pound.*"

Lamb's parents were very poor. Lamb himself, at the time we speak of, being a mere clerk, and unable to afford them much assistance, the weight of their maintainance fell upon his sister, the well-known Mary Lamb. By her needle she contrived to support them. She had taken a young girl into the house as an apprentice, and things went on smoothly enough till the increasing infirmities of the old lady, and the incessant watching thereby rendered necessary, made great inroads upon Mary Lamb's health. Having in the earlier part of her life suffered temporary insanity from harassment, Mary's present state was alarming, and her brother went to Dr. Pitcairn in the morning, to consult about her, but, unhappily, did not find him at home. On that very afternoon—it was the 22d. of September, 1796—while the family were preparing for dinner, Mary seized a knife which lay on the table, and making a rush at her little apprentice, pursued her round the room, with fearful menaces. Her infirm old mother, with eager and terrified calls upon her to desist, attempted to interfere. With wild shrieks, Mary turned upon her mother, and stabbed her to the heart. She then madly hurled the knives and forks about the room, one of which struck her helpless old father on the forehead. The shrieks of the girl, and her own wild cries, brought up the landlord of the house; but it was too late; he stood aghast at the terrible spectacle of the old woman lifeless on the chair, her daughter fiercely standing over her with the fatal knife still in her hand; her father bleeding at the forehead, and weeping by the side of his murdered wife; the girl cowering in a corner.

An inquest was held the next day, at which the jury without hesitation, brought in the verdict of lunacy. Here there is a blank in our narrative. We do not know whether Mary Lamb was confined for any period in an asylum, and released on being pronounced sane, or whether Charles from the first undertook that watchful care of her which formed the heroism of his subsequent life. It is difficult to get the details of an event which occurred fifty years ago, and which, even at the time, seems to have been carefully hushed up; for in the account of the inquest, reported in the *Annual Register*, of that year, from some inexplicable cause, *no name whatever is mentioned*, except Dr. Pitcairn. It merely says:—"The coroner's jury sat on the body of an *old lady* in the *neighbourhood* of Holborn." But that the matter was not wholly unknown, is proved by the curious fact of the name being mentioned in the *index* to the *Annual Register*, (compiled in 1826—that is to say, thirty years after the account was originally published,) where it stands thus:—"Murder of Mrs. Lamb, by her insane daughter."

This ghastly incident gave a new shape to all Lamb's subsequent career. At that time, he was in love—the only time he ever felt the passion—and it inspired "a few sonnets of very delicate feeling and exquisite music;" but he felt that his sister demanded all his care, and to her he sacrificed love, marriage, everything. Like a brave, suffering, unselfish man, he, at twenty-one, renounced the dream of love for the stern austerity of duty:

"And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve
That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,
And her bright dower clustering charities,
That round his trunk and branches might have clung,
Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee
Was given a sister. * * *
In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,
All softening, humanizing, hallowing, powers—
More than sufficient recompense."

If singleness of heart, and unshaken constancy of affection, could make a recompense for all he had renounced, then truly did Charles Lamb reap his reward. But we have only to put it to the readers's consideration, and he will at once acknowledge how noble a sacrifice it was which Lamb performed. We do not mean the mere renouncement of his hopes—it is not any one act—it is his whole life which we call heroic. To his sister he devoted himself, in the most absolute sense of the term; and that in spite of recurring fits of insanity. Curiously enough, Mary Lamb was, as a friend of hers once said to us, "the last woman in the world whom you could have suspected, under any circumstances, of becoming insane—so calm, so judicious, so rational, was she;" and Hazlitt used to say—"Mary Lamb, is the only truly sensible woman I ever met with." Nevertheless, she was at no time free from the danger of a relapse, and they never left home without her brother's taking a straight waistcoat with him!

No one will read this story without an increased tenderness toward Lamb, upon whose life and writings it sheds a flood of light. Perhaps the very extremity of his suffering, the very intensity of passion which had been revealed to him in this unhappy incident, may have led him to enter with such relish into the reckless horrors of our English drama. Unquestionably, it must have led him to those deep reflections upon our moral nature, of which, from time to time, his writings give us glimpses. That he was somewhat morbid in self-scrutiny cannot be denied; perhaps this alao was a result of that great moral shock he had received; and a curious instance of his self-condemnation is given in a letter to Bernard Barton:—

"There is Southey, whom I ought to have thanked a fortnight ago for a present of the "Church Book." I have never had courage to buckle myself in earnest to acknowledge it; yet I am accounted, by some people, a good man! How cheap that character is acquired! Pay your debts, don't borrow money, nor twist your kitten's neck off, nor disturb a congregation, &c., and the business is done. I know things (for thoughts are *things*) of myself which would make every friend I have fly me as a plague patient. I once set a dog upon a crab's leg that was shoved out under a mass of seaweeds—a pretty little feeler! Oh, pah! how sick I am of that. And a lie; I mean one I once told. I stink in the midst of respect."

How well he felt the "uses of adversity," the eloquent preachings of sorrow, may be seen in various passages, in none better than in *John Woodvil:*

"My spirits turn to fire, they mount so fast,
My joys are turbulent, my hopes show, like fruition,
These high and gusty relishes of life, sure
Have no allayings of mortality in them,
I am too hot now, and o'ercapable
For the tedious processes and creeping wisdom
Of human acts and enterprises of man.
I want some seasonings of adversity—
Some strokes of the old mortifier, Calamity,
To take those swellings down, divines call Vanity.'

From what has gone before, it will be apparent that the serious side of human nature was not shut against Lamb's penetrating gaze, and that his pathos springs from the depths of real feeling. Hence, his works will be enduring.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE SENSE OF PAIN.

The July number of Silliman's Journal of Science contains an article on the Beneficent Distribution of the "Sense of Pain," by G. R. Rowell, republished from the Edinburg New Philosophical Journal. The object of the writer is to show the economical purpose of the sense of pain in the animal system. He cites many curious facts in evidence that brutes do not suffer to the extent that is commonly imagined, when they are killed or maimed, but that, to adopt a very common phrase, they are "more scared than hurt." The subject is certainly well worthy "the attention of the curious," especially when the curious happen to be sufferers:—

Having had, in my youth, an aversion to animal food, from an idea that it was cruel to destroy life for the purpose of obtaining it, I have been led by that feeling, and a few rather extraordinary circumstances which have come under my notice, to pay some attention to the effects produced by injuries to various animals; which investigation has caused such a complete change that, so far from considering it an infliction, I now believe it to be one of the most necessary senses we possess; that, like all other senses, it is given to animals in as great a degree as it is necessary and useful to them; that no animals have a greater sense of pain than is necessary for the preservation of the class to which they belong; that those which are designed for food, suffer little when killed, in comparison to what other animals would feel from the same infliction; and that some are totally devoid of the sense of pain. * * * * *

There can be little doubt that the sense of pain is of the first importance to man, to guard and warn him from injury. * * * *

Thus, if a man had not the sense of pain, he might sit by a fire, and in his absence of mind, put his foot upon it, and soon find himself *minus* that useful member; he might have lime blown into his eyes, and thus loose his sight if not warned by the pain; in fact, there would be no end to his dangers if not possessed of that useful monitor, which guards him from injury, and is a check to his excesses. There may be pains and sufferings, the use of which it may be difficult to see; but I would rather attribute this to a want of knowledge, than believe that the rule which holds good in so many cases does not hold good in all. In fact, the beneficial use of the sense of pain to man is so evident, and has been pointed out so long since in Paley's Natural Theology, that I should not have said anything upon the point, but that I considered it necessary for the elucidation of my subject, as regards its uses and distribution among the lower classes of animals.

* * * * *

I will now state a few cases, to show that injuries, apparently the most dreadful, have but little effect on many of the brute creation.

The first case which forcibly took my attention, was seeing a horse that was feeding by the side of the road between St. Clement's and Headington hill, have its leg broken by a coach-wheel passing over it just above the fetlock joint; the poor beast showed evident signs of pain at the moment, the bone being dreadfully crushed, and protruding in parts through the skin. A number of persons collected around, but no one liked to despatch it, and on their standing aside, so that it might get out of the way of things passing, the moment the horse got to the side of the road it began grazing, showing no other sign of pain than holding up the injured leg.

Another case is that of a post-horse, which was going along the road between Botley and Bosham, about twelve years since, when it came down with such violence that the skin and sinews of both the fore fetlock joints were so cut that on its getting up again the bones came through the skin, and the two feet turned up at the back of the legs, the horse walking upon the ends of the leg bones. The man who was with it would not consent to its being killed till he had informed his master, (who, I believe, was Mr. Masters of Staple Hall Inn, Witney;) the horse was therefore put into a field by the road side, and was found the next morning quietly feeding about the field, with the feet and skin forced nearly half way up the leg bones, and where it had been walking about, the holes made in the ground by the leg bones were three or four inches deep.

* * * * *

It is curious to observe the apparent indifference with which some animals will devour parts of their own bodies. I once kept tame dormice, and in shutting the cage door, accidentally caught the tail of one of them, when it squeaked out and left the skin of about two thirds of its tail sticking to the door. Whether the cry was caused by pain or fear, I cannot decide; but it went about the cage for a few minutes apparently rather uneasy, it then took hold of its tail with its paws and eat all the injured part, and then seemed as well as ever. Rats will often eat their tails when in confinement, if kept short of food; and the habit of eating their own tails is not uncommon amongst the monkey tribe. I know a person who used to dip the end of his monkey's tail in tobacco water to keep it from being eaten, and some of the monkeys in the London Zoological Garden may at times be seen enjoying themselves in this way.

This tail-eating is certainly a most interesting feature in the animal economy. What a convenience for a hungry creature to be born with an eatable ell, a ready-made sausage, attached to his individual personality! When it is gone, however, he may be said to be *short* of provision truly. But let us see what comfort there is for pigs:—

Pigs make a sad outcry when being killed, but I believe it is caused by fear and the uncomfortable way in which they are held, rather than by pain. I once saw a large pig which had been stuck, get away from the men who were holding it, and there was not the least cry after it had got out of their hands, although it was bleeding to death; when smaller pigs are killed by sticking them, and letting them run about till they drop, there is no cry after they are let go; and if stuck skilfully, without taking hold of them, there is no more noise than a mere grunt or squeak, about the same as there would be if the pig had a slight blow with the end of a stick; and I have no doubt that a pig may feel more pain from a heavy blow, than from being killed in the usual manner.—*Boston Courier.*

INDIAN HORSEMANSHIP.

During the stay of the Indians at Paris, Franconi offered them an engagement on condition that they were good riders, which Mr. Catlin assured him they were—"As the best proof, however, he proposed to bring out a horse, and let one of them try and show what he could do. This we agreed to at once; and having told the Indians before we started that we should make no arrangement for them there unless they were pleased with it and preferred it, they had decided, on entering the grounds, that the exercises would be too desperate and fatiguing to them, and destructive to their clothes, and therefore not to engage with him. However, the horse was led into the area, and placed upon the track for their chariot races, which is nearly a quarter of a mile in circumference; and, the question being put, 'Who will ride?' it was soon agreed that Jim should try it first. 'Wal, me try 'em,' said Jim; 'me no ride good, but me try 'em little. He was already prepared, with his shield and quiver upon his back, and his long and shining lance in his hand. The horse was held; though with all its training, it was some time, with its two or three grooms about it, before they could get the frightened creature to stand steady enough for Jim to mount. In the first effort which they thought he was making to get on, they were surprised to find he was ungirthing the saddle, and, throwing his buffalo robe across the animal's back, and himself astride, the horse dashed off at his highest speed. Jim saw that the animal was used to the track, and the course being clear, he leaned forward and brandished his lance, and every time he came round and passed us, sounded a charge in the shrill notes of the war-hoop. The riding was pleasing and surprised M. Franconi exceedingly, and, when he thought it was about time to stop, he gave his signal for Jim to pull up, but, seeing no slack to the animal's pace, and Jim still brandishing his weapons in the air, and sounding the war-hoop as he passed, he became all at once alarmed for the health of his horse. The Indians at this time were all in a roar of laughter, and the old gentleman was placing himself and his men upon the track as Jim came round with uplifted arms, to try to stop the animal's speed, just finding at that time that Jim had rode in the true prairie style, without using the bridle, and which by his neglect of it had got out of his reach, when he would have used it to pull up. Jim still dashed by them, brandishing his lance as they came in his way: when they retreated and they ran to head him off in another place, he there passed them also, and passed them and menaced them again and again as he came round. The alarm of the poor old gentleman for the life of his horse was very conspicuous, and, with additional efforts with his men, and a little pulling up by Jim, who had at length found the rein, the poor affrighted and half-dead animal was stopped, and Jim, leaping off, walked to the middle of the area, where we were in a group, laughing to the greatest excess at the fun. The poor horse was near done over and led away by the grooms. M. Franconi came and merely bade us good by, and was exceedingly obliged to us. Whether the poor animal died or not, we never heard, but Jim was laid up for several days. On asking him why he ran the horse so hard, he said that it was the horse's fault, that 'it ran away with him the moment he was on his back—that the creature was frightened nearly to death; and he thought, if it preferred running, he resolved to give it running enough.'"—*Catlin's Notes of Year's Travel.*

CONDITION OF LITERATURE IN GOLDSMITH'S TIME.

On this track, then, taken by few successfully, taken happily by few, though not on that account the less in every age the choice of men of genius, we see Goldsmith, in his twenty-ninth year, without choice, in sheer and bare necessity, launched for the first time. The prospect of unusual gloom might have damped the ardour of a more cheerful adventurer.

Fielding had died in shattered hope and fortune, at what should have been his prime of life, three years before. Within the next two years, poor and mad, Collins was fated to descend to his early grave. Smollet was toughly fighting for his every-day's existence. Johnson, within some half dozen months, had been tenant of a sponging-house. No man throve that was connected with their trade and merchandise as well, and, like Richardson, could print as well as write books.

"Had some of those," cried Smollet, in his bitterness, "who were pleased to call themselves my friends, been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, when I first professed myself of that venerable fraternity, I should, in all probability, have spared myself the incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone." "I don't think," said Burke, in his first London letter to his Irish friends, written seven years before this date, "there is as much respect paid to a man of letters on this side the water as you imagine. I don't find that Genius, the

'rathe primrose, that forsaken dies,'

is patronized by any of the nobility. Writers of the first talents are left to the capricious patronage of the public. A man will make more by the figures of arithmetic than the figures of rhetoric, unless he can get into the trade wind, and then he may sail secure over Pactolean sands."

It was, in truth, one of those times of Transition which press hardly on all whose lot is cast in them. The patron was gone; and the public had not come. The seller of books had as yet exclusive command over the destiny of those who wrote them; and he was difficult of access; without certain prospect of the trade wind, hard to move. "The shepherd in *Virgil*," said Johnson to Lord Chesterfield, "grew at last acquainted with love, and found him a native of the rocks." Nor had adverse circumstances been without their effect upon the literary character itself. Covered with the blanket of Boyse, and sheltered by the night-cellar of Savage, it had forfeited less honour and self-respect than as the paid client of the ministries of Walpole and Henry Pelham. As long as its political services were acknowledged by offices in the state; as long as the coarse wit of Prior could be paid by an embassy, or the delicate humour of Addison in the way to a secretaryship; while Steele and Congreve, Swift and Gay, sat at ministerial tables, and were of account in cabinet councils; its slavery was not less real than in latter years, yet all externally went well with it. Though even flat apostacy, as in the case of Parnell, might in those days be the claim of literature to wordly esteem still it *was* esteemed by the crowd, and had the rank and consideration which wordly means could give to it. But when another state of things succeeded; when politicians had too much shrewdness to despise the helps of the pen, and too little intellect to honour its claims and influence; when it was thought that to strike at its dignity was to command its more complete subserviance; when corruption in its grosser forms had become chief director of political intrigue, and it was less the statesman's office to wheedle a vote than the minister's business to give hard cash in return for it; Literature, or the craft so called, was thrust from the House of Commons into its lobbies and waiting rooms, and ordered to exchange the dignity of the council-table for the comforts of the great man's kitchen.—*Forster's Life of Goldsmith.*

A THOROUGHLY RESPECTABLE MAN.

Louis Philippe was, accordingly, when seated on the throne, what throughout his whole life he had previously—been a thoroughly respectable man.—It is strange, that, being such, he should have acquired the successive characters of an hypocrite, a traitor, a tyrant, and a felon,—to sink, at present, the broker, as implied in the term respectable? Not at all strange. The respectable man, to begin with, is essentially hypocritic. Above all things he respects appearances. These are what he would at every hazard preserve. All points of decent convention are to him sanctities. He judges of matters by the outside. His sympathy is exclusively confined to externals. The man with a good coat and a fair lodging will obtain credit with him—the man who keeps a gig may dispense with every other merit. But poor artizans, such as described, by M. Louis Blanc, who herd together in dirty alleys, situated below the level of crowded streets, where the atmosphere is cold and damp as in a cellar, and the ground so filthy that you slip rather than walk down it; vegetating in rooms with dripping walls, with narrow lattices, floors covered with thick dirt, where the fetid air is poison; unwashed not halfed, half-clothed in old garments, pale, blotched, and bruised, their eyes red and sunken or injured by scrofulous ophthalmia;—these victims of an exterminating competition are the horror of the respectable man. Of course it is all their own fault, their own improvidence; they will not be respectable, and society cannot help it. He will not see that a certain proportion of the population is necessarily doomed to this condition by the system of society itself; but then, by the self-same system his own respectability is maintained. He therefore thinks of—sees about—the outcasts of comfort as little as possible—would totally ignore them, if he could: disregards their complaints, and utterly repudiates their claims, until they are heard in riot, insurrection, revolution; when, in his turn, by the justice of Heaven, he likewise is called upon to suffer. Not but that the respectable man is capable of self-sacrifice. For his own future benefit, he will cut himself off from many present pleasures. Louis Philippe lived with his faithful Baudoin, in Switzerland, on eighteen pence a-day (nine pence each) and yet preserved appearances so well, as to be enabled to apply successfully for a professorship; and when consequently enacting the *rôle* of a schoolmaster, performed his part with such precision as to become entitled to special certificates of character. Others might do the same. But others have not the consciousness of princely descent and the hope of regaining lost possessions. Without such consciousness and hope, others, however, have done the same. But all are not constituted alike; and for one who triumphs over circumstances, ninety-nine perish in the conflict; and though with the one the respectable man perhaps sympathizes, for the ninety-nine he has small compassion. Here was the fault of Louis Philippe and the middle classes; and thus the thirty-three thousand individuals (such is the number statistically calculated) in Paris, who were always and necessarily plunged into the depths of vice by want and ignorance, struggled and groaned day by day in perpetual agony and despair, without regard, without redress—the lepers of the moral world—the pariahs of social life. Yet with all his contempt or indifference for the wretchedness by which he lives, the respectable man will affect and believe that he has a heart; manifest at all times the most touching emotions, and at others the most intense devotion, or the most heroic fortitude. Thus on the restoration of the House of Bourbon in 1814, Louis Philippe, seeking the home of his fathers, paid his first visit to the Palais-Royal. Approaching the grand staircase, recollections of his boyhood, the lustre of his ancient race, the agonies of mind he had endured since he last beheld the spot, and gratitude to Providence—all these feelings, we are told, completely overwhelmed him; and falling prostrate on the tessellated pavement, he imprinted a thousand kisses on the cold white marble, while tears gushing from his eyes, indicated, while they relieved, the emotions with which he contended. In like manner, when suddenly sent for by Louis XVIII., alarmed by the escape of Napoleon Bonaparte from Elba, Louis Philippe could exclaim and doubtless with temporary sincerity, Sire, I am prepared to share both your good and bad fortune! Although one of your royal race, I am your subject, servant, and soldier; do with me as your Majesty pleases, for the honour and peace of the country. And thus also was he proved capable of those military virtues in the field, and of that fearlessness in the midst of danger, that sublime indifference to the threatened assassinations which have been already recorded. These, besides belonging to the mere personal selfism, are matters of convention, and in the *rôle* which the respectable man is expected to play, partly from spontaneous impulse and partly from histrionic routine. But the king—the man truly qualified for kingship—must look beyond this contracted circle, and feel himself the more than brother of the poorest and most wretched in his dominions; be animated with the sincerest desire to relieve the distress, public or private that exists; and be inspired from above with the wisdom to conceive and adopt the best means for its utter removal or speedy amelioration. Louis Philippe had none of these qualifications.—*Reflections on the Revolution of* 1848, [*London.*]

THE WAY TO KEEP A SECRET.—Some years back when a trip to town was not so facile as at the present day, the Honourable Mr. ——, dining with a neighbouring banker, requested him, as he was going to town on the following morning, to take a watch requiring some trifling repair, naming at the same time some particular tradesman who would do the needful. On his arrival in town, having arrived at the Green Man and Still, the banker remembered the commission, but having many affairs of his own to superintend, he resolved at once to get his friend's commission off his mind, deeming it of no importance by whom the watch was repaired.—Entering, therefore, the nearest shop, he presented the watch to a person behind the counter. The man examining it with more than ordinary attention; looked at the number, referred to his books,—and then observed: "This watch I presume, belongs to the Honourable Mr. ——?" The banker replied in the affirmative. "I thought so," said the tradesman; "for I sold it to him fourteen years back, and as I have never been able to obtain one farthing in the shape of payment, with or without your consent, I will take the liberty of retaining the the watch." To carry back this intelligence instead of the watch was far from an agreeable task. There was, however, no alternative; and the banker promised his friend that *the affair should remain a secret.* Now unfortunately the amiable banker had an amiable wife who dearly loved an innocent joke. He regretted he could not impart this to her, foreseeing how it would tickle her fancy. One day as they were sitting very closely together, cracking nuts to improve the flavour of the claret, the joke occurred to the banker's memory, and an involuntary smile played on his countenance. The lady insisted on knowing the cause and sharing the merriment. It was a trying moment for the banker. Probably he reasoned thus:—Man and wife are one; when I speak to my wife, therefore, I am but talking to myself. She carried her point, however, and the very next morning repeated it to her confidante, on the promise of secresy; who in her turn did the very same thing, and in less than a week the honourable gentleman was unable to walk in his own town, without hearing the inquiry, "Hallo, Mr. —! what's o'clock?"—*The Marriage Looking-Glass.*

THE FRENCH NEWSPAPERS.—"France has always published a great number of newspapers, and their circulation has perhaps exceeded that of any other nation. Many causes contributed to this even before the Revolution, such as their extreme cheapness, the fondness of the French for politics, and, above all, the *feuilletons*, which are a peculiar appendage to French journalism. At present there is no stamp on French newspapers, and when it did exists it was very moderate, varying, with the size of the paper, from three to six centimes, amounting, on the average, to about one half-penny English.

"The caution money of £4,000 has also been abolished, which now renders it a comparatively easy thing to start a journal. Paper is also exceedingly cheap, and little expenses being gone into, the price of journals was always very moderate.

"The *Débats*, a paper which received a subsidy from Government, was the dearest of all the French journals. The price was eighty francs per annum for Paris, and he same for the departments. The other papers varied rom fifty-two to forty for Paris, and from sixty to forty-ight for the departments. Since the abolition of the stamps, the price of the journals has been very much modified. The *Débats* is now fifty francs per annum for Paris, and sixty for the departments. The other daily journals vary from thirty-two francs to twenty-four francs for Paris, and from forty-four to thirty-six for the departments.

"Previous to the Revolution there were twenty-six daily papers in Paris—at present there are about one hundred and fifty—but their number cannot be accurately ascertained, as several of them lived but for a single number, many for no more than a week. All the great journals which existed before the Revolution are still continued, except the *Conservateur*. Some of them, such as the *Débats*, have much changed their political opinions; and although they cannot even now be considered as republican organs, they have all taken the Republic as a *fait accompli*, which is, perhaps, as much as many of the French people themselves have done. They are willing to receive and to support it as long as it is moderate, and a defender of order; but the moment it inclines to anarchy, pillage, and socialism, they are determined to cast it away. However, with the Republic, papers of every line of politics have arisen—in fact, too numerous and subdivided to explain at length. As an opposition paper, the *Assemblée Nationale* holds the first rank. Its spirit, talent, and bitterness are incomparable. The editors keep themselves carefully concealed, and it is only known that Alfred Nettement, the editor of the *Mode*, a legitimist weekly journal, is an occasional contributor. Day after day does this able journal launch out its attacks on the Government, armed sometimes with ridicule, sometimes with irony. The pity is, that it but too frequently descends to falsehood, and circulates flying reports as certain truths.

"Previous to the Revolution, the *feuilletons* of the Paris papers were quite as important as the political part. It was here that the most popular of the French romance writers, such as Eugene Sue, Alexandre Dumas, Paul de Kock, &c. gained both their reputation and their money. The sums paid these and other popular writers, by the principal French journals, is scarcely credible. It is well known that Eugene Sue received 100,000 francs, or £4,000, from the *Constitutionnel* for each of his novels, and that he was engaged by this journal at this rate for a period of ten years. Alexandre Dumas was about as well paid. However, he wrote his novels on a wholesale system, as in mere manual labour; no one man could have written an equal quantity. His system appears to be, to employ five or six clever young men, who, having no public reputation, are glad to write for him at a nominal rate. Having chalked out the plots for them, they fill in all the other parts, while the master, finally going over the whole, adds a few Dumasian dashes, which gives to the work the imprint of his genius. At present the *feuilletons* are become merely a dead letter. Everybody is employed with politics, and they remain unread."—*Todd's Magazine.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Mr. Charles Kean has sent a contribution of £10 towards the statue of Mrs. Siddons, about to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

The *Water Cure Journal* says that in Glasgow alone a million is annually spent in stimulating drinks, and the cost of fever is £47,000.

Gen. Cavaignac, the military dictator of Paris, who suppressed the insurrection, is of Irish descent, and of the once princely race of the Kavanaghs of Borris.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

At a meeting of the British Archæological Association, on June 23, Mr. Moore communicated a superb Roman gold ring, found near Ilchester, weighing an ounce. It was set with a gold coin of Alexander Severus, of the "Liberalitas" type, both the ring and coin being in a fine state of preservation.

We (*Times*) believe we are correct in stating that M. Guizot has declined the offer of the Chair of the Modern Languages made to him by the Curators of the Taylor Institution at Oxford.

The *Times* calls attention to "a prediction uttered many years ago by a far-sighted French statesman, who said that the young generals of the African army were destined one day to become the military rulers of France."

"It is marvellous," remarks the *Medical Times*, "to what extent the maniac will remain in a waking state without any apparent injury. A man never slept, and yet he enjoyed good health, living till his 73d year. He had a kind of *dozing* for about a quarter of an hour once a day, which was all the slumber he was ever known to take."

"Fire-damp," says the *Temperance Gazette*, "is a dreaaful enemy to the collier, and when it is prevalent in a coal-pit no man is safe for a day, unless every collier in the pit possesses a safety-lamp, and makes use of it; yet it has been proved that colliers will sell or pawn these safety lamps for beer."

The following pensions on the civil list have been granted out of the fund set apart for the reward of literary and scientific eminence:—To James Sheridan Knowles, the eminent dramatic author, £200 per annum. To W. Carleton, Esq. the eminent author of "Irish Tales," &c. £200 per annum. And to J. C. Adams, Esq. the Astronomer, and discoverer of the planet, £200 per annum.

Mr. Prentice, in his "Letters from the United States," in the *Manchester Times*, says of two candidates for the Presidentship: "Clay is a peace man, but a furious Protectionist. Cass is a free-trader, but a furious man of war. At home our peace men are all free-traders, our free-traders all peace men."

THE LYNDON PEARL.—The ancient well at Westbromwich, called the "Lyndon Pearl," and known as the refresher of Cromwell and his troopers, has had a narrow escape from the hands of the spoiler, the inhabitants having reverentially risen, *en masse*, to preserve their far famed medicine patent to all.—*Builder.*

"Nearly 3,000 of the clergy," says the *Liverpool Mercury*, "have already authorized their names to be affixed to the petition against the bill for legalizing diplomatic relations with Rome. After this, foreigners need feel no surprise that faith in witches, charms, fortune-telling, and ruling of the planets, is still prevalent among the humbler classes in England."

A correspondent of the *Lancet* says: "The papal sale of indulgences was a trifle in point of iniquity—an innocent cheat in comparison with the vended privileges of death-dealing quackery; for we may presume that the purchasers of indulgences were more or less guilty parties, whereas the credulous victims of quackery are those afflicted in mind and body."

The *Limerick Examiner* specifies fifteen gentlemen of property—possessing that property in Clare, where men are perishing from want produced by extermination—refusing to pay their poor rate, and provoking an appeal to law! Among them are the Earl of Limerick, the representatives of Sir W. M'Mahon, and John Howley, Esq. barrister, Dublin.

THE KNOX MONUMENT.—The Rev. Mr. Jaffray states that the funds placed at the disposal of the Committee on the Knox Monument in Edinburgh, amounting to about £3,000, have enabled them to secure all the property at Knox's corner, in the Canongate, which is required for their purposes, including the ancient domicile of the reformer.—*Scottish Press.*

"DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL."—[Our riding correspondent has promised to repent and lead a virtuous life if we will but insert the following conundrum. We comply with his request, not so much from any faith that we have in his promised reformation, as from a hope that society will be so incensed at his last crime, as to insist on our giving him up to justice, which we will certainly do, if required, from a sense of duty, as well as a keen desire to get rid of him.] When does a sculptor explode in strong convulsions? When he *makes faces* and *busts*.—*Man in the Moon for July.*

The following appears in the *Cork Constitution*:

"At a meeting of one of the Confederate clubs held on Thursday evening in this city, three vociferous cheers were given for that 'pattern of all Irishwomen,' Madame Le Blanc, who confessed in Paris that she had cut the heads off of four of the Garde Mobile during the late insurrection. It is proposed to establish clubs for women, in which they are to be instructed in all the arts of assassination capable of being effectively carried out by 'the fair daughters of Erin.'"

CHEVALIER BAYARD'S HORSE, "LE CARMAN."—The good knight rode him at the battle of Ravenna and left him there for dead, with two pike wounds in his flanks and more than twenty sword cuts on his head; but the next day he was found quietly grazing, and began to neigh; upon which he was taken to the good knight's quarter's, and his wounds tended. It appears incredible, but is nevertheless a fact, that he would allow them to lay him down and dress his wounds without stirring, like a human being; and whenever he afterwards saw a sword he would rush at it and seize it with his teeth. A higher couraged horse was never seen; he was another Alexander's Bucephalus.—*Life of Chevalier Bayard.*

The old poet Beranger has addressed a letter to several of the Paris papers, denying their report that he had married his housekeeper. He says that the old lady who is residing with him (their united ages being 116 years,) was the friend and companion of his early youth, to whom he was under the greatest obligations; and in order to establish an economy indispensable to both, she had consented to take care of his humble abode, in place of an old aunt, whose infirmities had compelled her to resign the office of housekeeper. His old friend, he adds, had too much good sense even to dream of becoming the wife, of an old fool, whose chief happiness had been in writing songs and laying his life open to the dissection of journalists.

"ROMISES ARE LIKE PIECRUSTS."—The *Ulster Gazette* gives the following array of promises; we need not say they were kept—perhaps, however, as the promisers intended. "If John Mitchell leaves the Green street dock in a felon's van, it shall be over a hurdle of our bodies." *Resolution of the Dr. Doyle Club.*—"John Mitchell shall walk a freeman from his gaol. If by a jury of his countrymen, then so much the better. And if not by a jury, then by the verdict of some thousands of armed citizens, ready to back the defiance he will hurl from the felon's dock." *John Martin in the "United Irishman."*—"The vessel that carries off John Mitchel as a convict shall have to cleave its way through an ocean of Irish blood." *Stereotyped resolution adopted generally by Confederate Clubs.*—"So long as I live the manacle will not be forged that will encircle the heel, or the scizzors that will cut a hair of the head of John Mitchel as a felon."—*Speech of Michael Doheny at the Shanehill Meeting.*

A REPUBLIC FOR IRELAND.—Admire it as you like at a distance—in America, in France